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By the men . . . for the men in the service

REST CAMP, FRANCE

How We Govern Our First Captured German City

PAGES 2, 3 & 4

Officers and GIs administering the first city captured in Germany have set a pattern for future occupations. They aren't wasting any sentiment on the civilians.

By Sgt. MACK MORRISS
YANK Staff Correspondent

AACHEN, GERMANY — The squat German with the wrinkled neck walked into the room firmly, but as he spoke his voice tightened and the tears glistened on his face. Then he cried. He was like a sixth-grader kept after school who must explain to his teacher and in the explaining loses courage and becomes a scared little boy.

The German was the first citizen of Aachen tried before an American summary court. His offense was small; he was charged with disobeying an order given by Military Government MPs. They had told him to be ready for evacuation to a refugee camp, but when they returned a half hour later, the German was gone. They found him in an area restricted to Germans, from which he previously had been removed.

The German pleaded guilty but said he hadn't understood that he was not allowed to return to the restricted zone. He said he'd gone back to his house there to get medicine for his rheumatism. But he couldn't explain why he hadn't kept his rendezvous with the MPs.

The summary court judge heard his plea through an interpreter. Then he said:

"Tell this man he has violated an order of the United States Government. Tell him that we Americans are fair, but we can be harsh. We do not intend to have our orders disobeyed. This man is sentenced to three months' imprisonment. Take him away."

The squat German with the wrinkled neck heard his sentence and looked first at the interpreter and then at the judge, and he wept again.

The next case was that of a 62-year-old Aachener, also charged with returning to a restricted area. Military police testified against him. The evidence was completed and the sentence passed: nine months' imprisonment.

Now a recess was called. The judge, shivering in an OD shirt, stepped down from the bench and lit a cigarette. He was Lt. William Rule, formerly an attorney from Hampton, Iowa.

"Now the first guy was just plain scared of us in the beginning," Lt. Rule said. "That's why he ran away from the MPs. He knew better, but he was scared. But the second guy was a regular krauthead. If his own soldiers had given him an order to stay out of a place, he'd have stayed. But with us, he thought he could get away with it and nothing would happen to him. He didn't think we meant what we said.

"That is why the sentences were so much different. A record of these proceedings will be posted around town so that the rest of the civilians here will know what happens in court. As I said in court, our orders here will be obeyed."

Military government by Americans has come to the first of the Germans' occupied cities. With it has come the difficult task of supervising a city that must be built from near chaos to a place where people can live—despite winter cold, damaged homes, short rations and little clothing.

Aachen, when it fell, was all but destitute. The Army does not intend to use its resources to put Aachen back on its feet. It does intend to govern Aachen through American-appointed German officials. Aacheners will feed themselves, clothe themselves, and house themselves under American control.

When the military government of Aachen moved in, residents of the city were required to register. They were prohibited from leaving the address designated on the registration cards. Rules for civilians were posted—among them a curfew from 1800 to 0600, an order forbidding the people to leave their homes for any purpose except obtaining food and water, and an order against congregating.

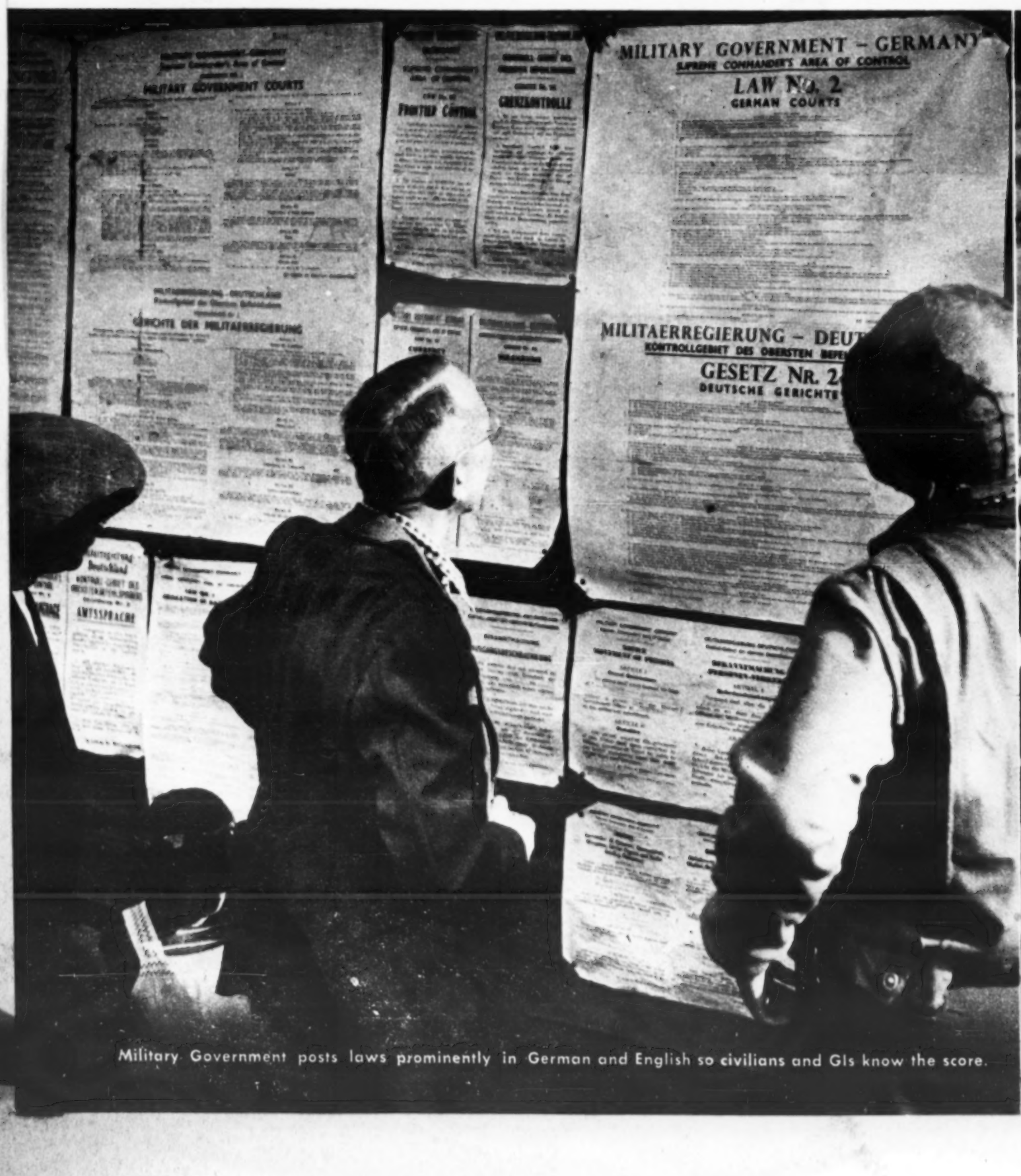
A Board of City Commissioners was chosen from among German civilians—an *Oberburgermeister*, or mayor, and eight *Burgermeistern* in charge of the following bureaus: the Department of Labor and Public Welfare; the Legal, Public Administration and Public Health Department; the Department of Good Production and Distribution, Industry, Commerce, Crafts and Trades and Food Rationing; the Department of Building, Reconstruction, City Planning and Living Quarters; the Department of Finance and Accounts; the Department of Public Utilities; the Department of Education and Ecclesiastical Affairs, and the Department of Municipal Police.

MAJ. WILLIAM E. HURLBERT, a member of the Jacksonville (Fla.) police force since 1922 and now the Military Government Officer of Aachen, explained that these *Burgermeistern* were only temporary, chosen by a process of elimination.

"The total available population of the city," he said, "was boiled down to a small group in the beginning. We checked a man's political affiliations, his business, age, education, and his position in the community. He was carefully investigated.

"From this small group we picked our men. Our mayor was not a member of the Nazi party, and he comes from one of the old families of Aachen. As a matter of fact, he is the only one of our *Burgermeistern* who has a clear record. The others are being used on a temporary basis, because they are still the best men available.

"Each of them has an opposite number in an American officer on the Military Government team, but these officers operate only in a supervisory capacity. We control the administration of the city, issuing orders to the Germans we have appointed and holding them responsible. So far, we haven't had any trouble.



Military Government posts laws prominently in German and English so civilians and GIs know the score.

This cocky little Aachener typifies Hitlerized youth.

"Since the Americans moved in, the Germans have shelled the city, adding some slight ruins to a place already more than 80 percent uninhabitable. Civilian reaction to the shells is apparently one of fatalistic resignation.

"In the first place, these people have lived for weeks and months in cellars. In the second place, they believe that they are now considered traitors to the Reich because they did not carry out the order to evacuate. In either case, they don't like it, but a little while longer in cellars doesn't really matter. They're bitter but resigned."

In Aachen there has been no evidence of guerrilla activity. But bomb-disposal squads moving through the city have found quantities of small-arms ammunition, grenades, prepared charges for booby traps and weapons of various kinds. These have been collected primarily to keep them from the hands of civilians.

"We've covered only a very small area," said Capt. Louis Brabe of Lake Charles, La., "and we'll probably be working here for several weeks. We've found a few mines, not set. We search every house from cellar to attic, and what we've found so far have been trip wires in cellars attached to from one to five pounds of TNT.

"We had an unusual thing happen a couple of days ago, though. A German woman was bending over a safe and somebody shot her. We still don't know who shot her, but we went around to look at the safe. It was booby-trapped."

Civilians returning to their homes have suffered even more than the combat soldiers for whom the traps were originally intended. Fourteen Aacheners have been treated for wounds inflicted either by booby traps or shells.

"So far, we've had only one unconfirmed report that one of our men was shot at," said Lt. Lee Metcalf of Helena, Mont., Public Safety Officer and Criminal Prosecutor. The most obvious explanation of this lack of incident is the Military Government police organization.

"In France and Belgium," explained Lt. Metcalf, "we used resistance people as auxiliary police, but here there was nobody we could trust. So some field artillerymen who had fought their way across France into Germany were converted into an MP outfit to enforce the rules imposed on the people here. The MPs are posted over the city to check passes, and there are also patrols that make spot checks on suspicious-looking characters—such as young men who might be soldiers in civilian clothes—and guard against looting and so on. Part of the town is restricted for security reasons and this is patrolled.

"At the moment we have about 80 German civilians acting as police. They filled out questionnaires and were investigated and then put on beats or fixed posts. The German cops check passes and enforce the curfew and blackout. Eventually we hope to team an MP and a German all over town, but we haven't enough Germans yet.

"Here in the jail we have a German who works with the MP desk sergeant: they enter the prisoners on the blotter in two languages. We have a German jailer and German property custodian.

"For our own MPs here, we've gotten away from the old interior-guard idea. At every post we've given the man on duty a good deal of leeway. He can leave the post or change the location of it altogether. He's given an area rather than a post and is left fairly well to his own initiative. We don't want things too static here because the Germans can learn the location of a fixed post and find some way to avoid it."

THE Military Government organization in Aachen is in many ways a guinea pig, according to officers of the team. It may become a blueprint for the occupation of other cities later because the problems involved are numerous and, perhaps, typical.

"Maybe the writer of some training manual could have thought up all the things that have presented themselves here, but I doubt it," said one rather harassed individual. When he took over there was nothing left but a small, dazed fraction of the original population of 165,000. There was no water, and no food except what the barricaded civilians had hoarded or the defeated Nazi garrison had left behind.

There was no electricity and no communications. When the evacuation order was given, merchants apparently threw open their stores to departing Aacheners, who stripped them of almost all essential clothing. There was no money in the banks. Almost every home had been hit and, if not destroyed, at least damaged so that normal shelter no longer existed. There was fuel in small quantities, and most of that hoarded. Since the Military Government took over, there have been changes but hardly miracles of reconstruction. The water supply was reopened almost immediately, but the water mains had hardly been filled when a Lancaster bomber was shot down and crashed on the main pipes running from pumping station to reservoir. The supply was interrupted again until water could be diverted from the ruptured main pipes to a by-pass line built by the Germans.

The Aachen telephone exchange, about the size of the one in Denver, Colo., is being repaired by German civilian laborers under two veteran engineers of the plant.

But the most pressing problem is, and will be, food. There are between 10,000 and 13,000 people in Aachen now and, depending on the tactical situation, the population may rise to 30,000 or 40,000 in three months. There is food for the present population for another six weeks. Lt. Arthur S. Gilder of New York City, former general manager of a chain of clothing stores, is officer in charge of civilian supply, which includes food and clothing.

"We are not going to have riots here," Golden

The Army Governs Aachen

Naturally T-4 Nick Kellen of Woodstock, Minn., may talk to German civilians as he checks their registration slips, but fraternizing or familiarity is strictly forbidden.

GI trucks move some Aacheners as the captured German city resumes its life under U. S. Military Government.

says, "but it appears that the food situation may become critical. Rationing will be tight. When the German Army pulled out of here, they took with them all the food that was left except stuff they couldn't use.

"For example, we found preserving for vegetables or fruits but nothing to preserve. We found soup thickeners, but nothing to make soup with. We found potato flour which, mixed with regular wheat flour, is used to make bread and cakes, but we found no wheat flour.

"Our deficiencies are wheat flour, potatoes, meat and fresh vegetables. Since this isn't a wheat country, flour is a big problem. If the farmers can get back to their work soon enough, we may be able to get potatoes and vegetables. We sent 30 families to the country today to help farmers with their potato crops. We hope not to have too much trouble about meat, because farmers will sell their stock to butchers here.

"At the moment, the people who have returned to Aachen are existing on the same food they used during the time they were holed up in their cellars. How much of that stored food is left we don't yet know, but we intend to find out, since it will have a bearing on the rationing system that is to be put into effect.

"We will require all citizens here to register for rationing. When they register, they will be handed an inventory listing all possible foods that they may have on hand. They will be told to fill out this inventory on the basis of the food they possess. When they return this inventory to us, they will be issued ration books 'corrected' to conform with their personal food situation.

"That is, if the inventory shows they have coffee on hand for the next two months, we will give them a ration book with coupons for coffee for two months torn out of it. The effect will be the same as taking all the food in town and throwing it in the pot. The success of the system will depend on how well these people have been trained to tell the truth. If they turn in honest inventories, it means more food for everybody. But even if the inventory is only 50 percent effective, we are still 50 percent better off than we would be otherwise."

INTO a food warehouse established for the city, supplies have been moved from 15 places in Aachen where food of any kind has been found. This food, and whatever comes into the city in the future, will be inventoried and prorated to the population when rationing goes into effect.

Small markets have begun to reopen in Aachen, but their supplies are scarce and not very varied. The first bakery to reopen is run by the baker and his wife, although before the Americans came, he employed seven people. His bread, made of coarse corn meal, is baked in three-pound loaves sold for 45 *pfennige* (45 cents) each. It is rationed at one loaf per person per week. As you make a purchase, your name is listed for that week. Military Government registration cards must be shown before a purchase is permitted.

While the first priority in Aachen has been food, the second is clothing. The only item of civilian supply on hand in quantity is shoes. Essential garments such as coats, sweaters, shirts, dresses and hose are almost totally lacking. In one five-story department store there was nothing left but an odd assortment of buttons, toys, a few stoves, brushes and some paint.

"We will have to go through everything and pick up the clothes we can find," said Lt. Gilder. "People have left stuff lying around in bunkers and in their closets. We intend to have all possible clothing picked up, and we will take over what little there is left in the stores. If we can find enough stuff, we may open up a couple of department stores that are still in fair shape. People will buy clothing if they have the money. If they don't have it, they will go to the *Burgermeister* and obtain a certificate of necessity. On that they will be issued what clothing they need."

So Aachen faces the winter. The first snow has fallen and through it the German families move miserably. Aachen is a city of women and children and old men. The people are not all well clothed. One woman wears the green-gray blouse of a Nazi soldier. Another is outfitted in trousers, a topcoat and a man's hat. Children wear Jerry jackboots and the men sometimes supplement their civilian clothing with odd parts of uniforms.

These are the refugee Germans, the people whose homes are destroyed, the people who were never rich. Their clothing is somber and dull, of rough material. In contrast there is the pretty young girl in a long leather jacket and slacks, looking smart. And across the square moves a woman in galoshes and transparent raincoat with a peaked hood. It is the only smear of color in a dreary day.

DOWN the long hill into the city come two women. One of them pushes a baby carriage bearing two wretched children. A third child, older, walks beside them. The snow comes down in king-size flakes and the five heads are bowed against the wind. We stop for a minute. One of the women comes over to the car and addresses Izzy Cohen of Brooklyn. Izzy learned German in the ASTP, but he speaks it well.

The woman pours German at him. "Hitler is the cause of all this," she says. She points to the mother with her children and the wrecked street. "She has been cursing Hitler as she walked down the street," the woman tells Izzy.

The mother stands by her children and does not even look at us in the car. She is cold and the snow is in her hair and on the jackets of the babies in the carriage. She has to push the carriage a long way before she reaches her home, almost all the way across the town. It will take her an hour, and the babies are sick. Their noses are red, unnaturally red, and one of them has a great white sore on the end of its nose. And their bottoms are wet and very cold because the blankets in the carriage are wet, and the children cry.

The new regulations against fraternization were read the night before. Fraternization was defined as "mingling with the Germans upon terms of friendliness, familiarity, or intimacy, whether individually or in groups, in official or unofficial capacities." The regulations prohibit shaking hands with Germans. They say: "There will be no familiarity. All personnel will be firm, but just; stern but civil."

Izzy, who is profoundly unmoved by Germans who hate Hitler, says: "Those kids won't live out the winter." Maybe they won't.

Sentiment, as somebody in the movies has said, has no place in the Army. There isn't much sentiment being wasted in Aachen, and won't be.

Cpl. Arthur Biegleson of Brooklyn, N. Y., is the man who registers the residents. They file by him and he asks their address, then checks on a map to determine whether or not the address is in a restricted area. If it is, the German must go to the *Burgermeister*, who will then assign him a billet somewhere else in town.

Biegleson, who weighs 225 pounds and is not inclined toward great patience when a registrant haggles with him, alternates flat statements in German with GI cuss words in English as he works. This mild by-play ordinarily makes no impression on the Germans, but it might have caught up with him in the case of a chic blond divorcee who complained to him that some previous American authority had listed her age as 35. She was, she said in German, 25. Somebody else made with a crack in English. It was then that we learned that the blonde spoke English, too. All personnel immediately became stern, but civil.

Biegleson, who has seen most of the people now in the city, is not impressed by good Germans. "Before we got here, we thought it was going to be rugged, handling these people. We expected a lot of trouble. We haven't had it, yet. Because we haven't had it, it's easy enough to get the idea that the Germans are pretty good people.

"Some of them are, I suppose, but I still don't trust them, meek as they are. I believe the reason some of them didn't evacuate when they were told to was that they decided that moving farther back into Germany would only mean being subjected to more bombings, and eventually being overrun again.

"They decided to stay here and get it over with. Whether they hate Hitler is open to question, as I see it. Our contacts with civilians have been very smooth generally; they seem to accept us as the winners here. But I don't trust them."

THIS mistrust and the wariness that goes with it are a general, if not particularly obvious, practice of the few GIs who so far have had dealings with Aacheners. They are much more obvious in a lieutenant who was formerly a psychiatric worker in a Chicago hospital; by training and habit he analyzes the Germans with whom he comes in contact. His analysis is perhaps the most critical of any.

"I've seen," he said, "absolutely cold hatred in the eyes of some of the women here. They're women whose homes have been knocked out and whose husbands have been killed. They despise us. We've found these people very submissive, but I always have the feeling they're snickering at us. I've worked a great deal with PWs, and I've seen respect in the eyes of prisoners, but not here. These people sort of laugh at our inefficiency.

"The *Gestapo* has built up a reputation we are not living up to. The Germans are used to officiousness. We come in here without all the pomp and circumstance, and fill out little pieces of paper, and the Germans don't see a great deal to respect in a little piece of paper.

"They try little tricks on us. Some of us here don't speak perfect German, and when we ask one routine question, we sometimes get the answer to the next question. Word gets around. These people learn the questions from people who've already been in here and they prepare their answers in advance. The answer to the wrong question slips out sometimes.

"Occasionally we take the older Germans and, after the routine questions, we ask them conversationally about their opinions of Germany and so on. One father told us he didn't want his boy in the Hitler Youth because they were taught guerrilla fighting.

"He said he didn't want his daughter in the *Bund Deutsche Maedel*—an organization of German girls from 14 to 18—because they were encouraged to sleep with German soldiers on furlough. He said that people had joked a lot about the *Deutsche Maedel*. They called it the '*Deutsche Matratze*.' *Matratze* means mattress.

"But most American contact here is not conversational. Some of it can be hostile. One day a girl, about 16, came up and stood in front of my desk. She just stared at me, without a word. I didn't want to break the silence, but finally I had to. I asked her what she wanted. She didn't say a word, just stared at me. Finally she handed me the paper she was required to give me.

"And then she turned around and walked out. She didn't open her mouth. I couldn't figure it out at first. Now I know she must have realized that I am Jewish."

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Their job was to spot and size up a Jap naval force, but the torpedo boats never expected to run into a battlewagon.

PTs in the Philippines

By Sgt. RALPH BOYCE
YANK Staff Correspondent

WITH THE PTs IN THE PHILIPPINES—A cat can look at a king, and a PT boat can challenge a battleship. Ask the men of the *Lakacookie*.

A heavy haze lay over the water as the *Lakacookie*, flanked by two other PT boats, cruised slowly through the darkness of Surigao Strait. Aboard the *Lakacookie*, Lt. Weston C. Pullens Jr. of Lyme, Conn., tactical officer in command of the three PTs, chatted in low tones with the skipper, Lt. (jg) J. A. Eddins of Rosedale, Miss.

Otherwise there was little talk as the men huddled in their battle positions, kapok life jackets pulled close around their necks to insure all possible protection against fragments. Gun trainers, from force of habit, slowly maneuvered their pieces through the prescribed arcs of fire. Loaders tightened and relaxed their grips on waiting canisters. Torpedomen went nervously through the motions that would cast their fish into the sea. The men were relatively green and none had ever dropped a fish in earnest.

Throughout the New Guinea and New Britain campaigns it had been a slow but useful grind for the PTs. Prowling nightly past jungle-choked shores, risking coral reefs and enemy shore batteries, they had worked hand-in-glove with the Army Air Forces, seeking out and destroying the Japs' barge hide-outs and traffic.

Lacking targets, torpedomen had fumed at serving as gunners or cooks while their tin fish lay unused. There had been few attacks from the air, for the armament of the PTs had been built up, and by experience the Japs had learned.

But this night everybody, torpedomen included, had reason to be tense. It was shortly after the Philippine landings and word had come that a strong naval force was heading through Surigao Strait toward the ship-filled Leyte Gulf.

Aboard the command ship, the skippers had received their last-minute instructions at dusk. The PTs' job was to throw a cordon across the strait, patrolling in groups to cover every possible approach of the Jap force. Their first and main job was to locate and identify the force and report its position, strength and speed so that our heavy naval units would know what they were up against. Having reported, the PTs were on their own to harass and confuse the enemy in any way they could.

At 2300 hours the curtain of mist lifted as neatly as if some stagehand had pulled a rope. What the men of the *Lakacookie* saw on the other side of the curtain struck them dumb for a moment. Frank Miller QM3c of Aberdeen, Md., was the first to find his voice. "Skipper," he shouted to the conning tower, "there they are."

Eddins couldn't quite believe what he saw through his glasses. "It was a battle wagon all right," he said afterward. "But I just couldn't make myself say so when I turned in my report that morning. I didn't trust myself to list it as more than a heavy cruiser."

The *Lakacookie* and two other PTs were halfway between the forward screen of Jap destroyers and the main body of cruisers and the battleship.

As Lt. Pullens gave orders to close for torpedo attack, Jim Dempster RM3c broke radio silence. "I have an urgent message for you," he called. That much and that much only was received aboard the command tender. Heavy static and Japanese jamming of channels prevented the tender from hearing the PT as Dempster again and again reported that part of the enemy force had been sighted.

As the PTs surged forward with wide-open engines, the Japs opened fire. It was deliberate fire—as careful and dead on the button as only radio directional finders could make it. Fred Vislosky GM2c of Shenandoah, Pa., saw one shell cast up a geyser 20 yards astern. The next salvo lifted the stern out of the water. Vislosky was thrown against his gun, and his leader, C. W. Patterson S1c of Dade City, Fla., was knocked off the gun mount and thrown against the ready box.

The Japs were too far away to make it worthwhile for the PT to launch those long-unused torpedoes, and it would have been suicidal to try to press the attack. Anyway, the primary mission of the PTs was to spot the force and get the message through. So Lt. Pullens ordered the PTs out of there. Fast.

Even as the PTs swung round, Jap shells scored. A direct hit exploded the magazine of the bow gun. Fragments ripped the deck and hull. Flames licked at the painted plywood, while mattresses in the crew's quarters below decks smoldered and caught fire. The heavy spray from shells hitting the water soaked everybody aboard but helped the crew to quench the fire. With each flash from the warships, Lt. Pullens ordered a sharp change in course, and the *Lakacookie* weaved like a halfback.

The other PTs were not coming through so well. No. 2 boat under Lt. Brian Malcolm of Bar Harbor, Maine, was hit by an eight-inch shell that grooved its imprint along the warhead of a torpedo. The detonator was left hanging in air, but the fish didn't explode. The shell ripped up 10 feet of deck planking, tore through sea bags below decks and passed out through the side of the hull.

It wasn't dark any more. The Japs were throwing up star shells to illuminate the PTs and give their gunners even better aim. Apparently thrown off balance by three PTs, the whole Jap force of battleship, cruisers and destroyers turned from its course and began chasing the little group of PT boats. That was something for the PT men to boast about later, but at the time nobody made remarks about having unnerved the Japs.

There was more interest aboard the *Lakacookie* in smoke cylinders that refused to work and blot out the PT from Jap sight, and an engine that for one long minute and a half refused to work. The brief loss of speed from the cranky engine gave one of the Jap destroyers a chance to close within a mile and a half. It snapped a searchlight square on the *Lakacookie*. Every gun that was still working on the PT blasted at the light. It wavered, turned and went out.

Forty-five minutes after it had started, the firing stopped. In that time the PTs had managed to put seven miles between themselves and the Japs. All the while Dempster kept sending out his message, but he was sure it wasn't getting through because he could hear the other boats, now out of sight, reporting the *Lakacookie* as lost. "If you think that's a pleasant feeling, you ought to try it sometime," Dempster said.

The *Lakacookie* was the first boat back to Sogod Bay, where the command tender was anchored. The PT gave Sogod Bay a surprise and got one in return. A quarter of a mile out, Dempster established radio contact and reported that the *Lakacookie* wasn't at the bottom of the sea.

This time it was Dempster who was surprised. The message he'd tapped out so often had gotten through after all. Lt. Malcolm of the No. 2 boat had contacted another PT patrol, which relayed the message in. That message provided our fleet with the last vital link in the chain of information it needed to find and then conquer the Jap fleet.

The PTs had done their part in the Second Battle of the Philippine Sea.

In Surigao Strait, where the *Lakacookie* played tag with a Jap battleship, another PT fishes out enemy sailors clinging to debris. Their warship was sunk in the same action, the Second Battle of the Philippine Sea.

YANKS at Home Abroad

Great Day Coming

TRINIDAD—You might say the heel of Italy kicked loose a chunk of mud that didn't quite reach Albania. That little chunk is the Greek island of Erikousa.

"Erikousa," says T-4 Anastasios S. Katechis, a little wistfully, "is a nice place and a lot like Trinidad. It has palm trees, wonderful beaches and beautiful blue ocean. But it isn't the palm trees I'm hungry for. It's my family."

His family includes a wife, two children, a brother and his father. The last time Katechis saw them was in 1938, and the last letter he had was in 1941, just before the Germans rolled through Greece. Now British soldiers have liberated the homeland, and Erikousa, too.

Katechis has plans. One of these days he's going back to Erikousa and find his family. Then, he says, he's going to try to bring them to the States. That was why he left Erikousa and his seafaring life in the first place—to prepare the way for his family's emigration to the U. S.—and 27 months in the Army haven't dimmed his hopes.

—Sgt. IRVING CARESS
YANK Field Correspondent

GUNG HO. That's Chinese for "work together." Near B-29 base built by Chinese and American labor, Sgt. Joe Hanley helps farmer irrigate rice fields.

Profesor

PANAMA—Watch your Spanish accent if you want to make progress with a *senorita*.

That's the advice of Dave Cardoza, who has been teaching classes in conversational Spanish to officers and GIs of the U. S. Army for 10 years. Dave, who is 60 years old, organized Panama's first baseball league about 25 years ago when he owned a clothing store. Admission to the games was free and Dave footed most of the bills. In the end he had to leave the clothing business. Maybe that's why he teaches Spanish to GIs.

Dave advises his classes to avoid double-meaning phrases that a *senorita* might interpret the wrong way.

"Unless you say it right," he cautions, "you can put your foot in it. More than one GI has raised a blush or touched off a Latin-American temper because he put in an English word that looked like the right one for the situation."

There's the word *embarazada*. Looks like it might be "embarrassed" with a Spanish twist, doesn't it? That's what one GI thought. So he said to his girl friend *(amiguita)*:

"Esta Usted embarazada?"

She blushed and stamped off.

"What did I do to her?" inquired the GI.

"You merely asked her if she were an expectant mother," explained Dave. "You should have said: *"Esta Usted desconcertada?"*

There is a nice distinction between artificial and natural heat. It makes a difference whether you say: "Are you warm?" *(Tiene Usted calor?)* or "Are you hot?" *(Esta Usted caliente?)*

Another word that is dynamite is *articulo*, which means "article" when the accent is placed on the *ti*. If the accent is placed on the *u*, you are talking about a part of the anatomy that got warmed over in the family woodshed years ago.

A literal translation of Spanish phrases often sounds completely screwball, as: "I miss you very much" (I strange you very much); "Come again" (don't lose the road); "I don't blame you" (I from you no take away the right); "Mum's the word" (In mouth closed the fly does not enter). In English, it's "my wife"; in Spanish, "my woman" *(mujer)*.

—Cpl. RICHARD DOUGLASS
YANK Staff Correspondent

Sarong Shortage

FUNAFUTI, ELLICE ISLANDS—Letters from home asking "what can we send you?" are likely to be answered here by a request for dry goods—bolts of gaudy print cloth, with red preferred.

The boys are a little rock-happy, it's true. ("And you can put that in capital letters!" grins S/Sgt. Robert V. Fleming of Los Angeles, Calif., who has been on this hot flat little mid-ocean circle of land for many months.) But that has nothing to do with their yen for dressmaking material. They want it to trade with the occasional visiting natives, who will accept practically no other currency just now.

So acute is the shortage of cloth for their sarong-like "lava-lavas" that the Ellice Islanders have practically only one price for their handsome souvenir bracelets, mats and baskets—"three yards of lava-lava." That much cloth costs about $1 in the States, but an Ellice Islander will wave aside a GI's $5 bill and hold out for the material.

—Sgt. BARRETT McGURN
YANK Staff Correspondent

Vest-Pocket Pearl Harbor

NORTH OF THE ARCTIC CIRCLE, ALASKA—We have just discovered the smallest naval base in the world—200 miles from any navigable water, 180 miles from the nearest human being.

Our plane made an emergency landing here on a frozen sandbar in an arctic river of Alaska's most desolate region. Everyone in the Navy camp—one man—came crawling out of a snow-crusted pup tent to greet us. He was L. J. Lyng COM of Palo Alto, Calif., the last man of a party of five Seabees and two officers who had spent several months in this wilderness on a special Navy survey mission. Chief Lyng was wearing a mixture of Army and Navy clothes and a week-old beard.

The chief was holding down the camp alone, because the others—R. N. Grunigan CM3c of Death Valley, Calif.; P. R. Reed CM3c of Pasadena, Calif.; R. W. Delaney CCM of Ada, Okla.; L. G. Gaartz CCM of Minneapolis, Minn.; Lt. (jg) G. E. Woodward of Uplands, Calif., and Lt. W. T. Foran of San Diego, Calif.—had moved to a new location.

Chief Lyng shared his Army C rations and the last of a caribou with us. He cooked on a stove made from two five-gallon gasoline cans.

Looking around at his two storage tents, a rubber life raft in drydock and the tiny emergency landing field marked off by oil drums, we joked: "Quite a naval base you've got here."

"We had a smaller camp up in the hills," the chief said. "After a few weeks up there, coming back here was like moving to town."

—Sgt. RAY DUNCAN
YANK Staff Correspondent

ETO'S PRETTIEST. Cpl. Ruby Newell of Long Beach, Calif., won the WAC beauty title in a recent contest.

The Great Ketchup Mystery

ANGAUR, PALAU ISLANDS—When the 81st Division hit Saipan Town on Angaur, they noticed a shed piled high with bottles. *"Sake,"* guessed the troops, and an MP was appointed to keep an eye on the store. Near Suicide Hill more bottles were found lying outside Jap dugouts.

But instead of Japanese characters, the labels were lettered in English: TOMATO CATSUP. And inside the bottles, instead of sweet-tasting *sake*, was a thick something that looked and tasted just like the ketchup it was alleged to be. One GI guessed the Japs used it as flavoring for the sacks and sacks of rice piled on the island. But another had a simpler solution to the mystery: "They just like ketchup, I guess."

—YANK Staff Correspondent

Franchise

A SOUTH ATLANTIC ISLAND—Adam wanted to vote, and the Army sure gave it the old college try.

There's a tiny island down here, hundreds of miles from the nearest Army installation, and on the island is the world's smallest station complement. At least, it would be hard to imagine a smaller one, because it consists of a single enlisted man. That's Adam.

Adam is Sgt. Adam Slawoniewski of Syracuse, N. Y., a weather observer here. When the theater voting officer, Lt. Col. Arthur R. Simpson of Chicago, cabled Adam from Ascension Island, the sergeant wired back: "Sure I want to vote. Please send me a ballot."

This was not as easy as Adam made it sound, because only one boat calls at the island each month, and there is no plane service. But more cables went back and forth until Col. Simpson had enough dope to file a proxy application for Adam at Albany, N. Y., and in a couple of weeks, a ballot reached Ascension.

It traveled in the diplomatic pouch of His Majesty's Representative on Ascension by the first boat to the British governor on Adam's island. The governor himself gave Adam his ballot, witnessed the signature and sent it back to Ascension by the same boat. From Ascension it went by airmail to Albany.

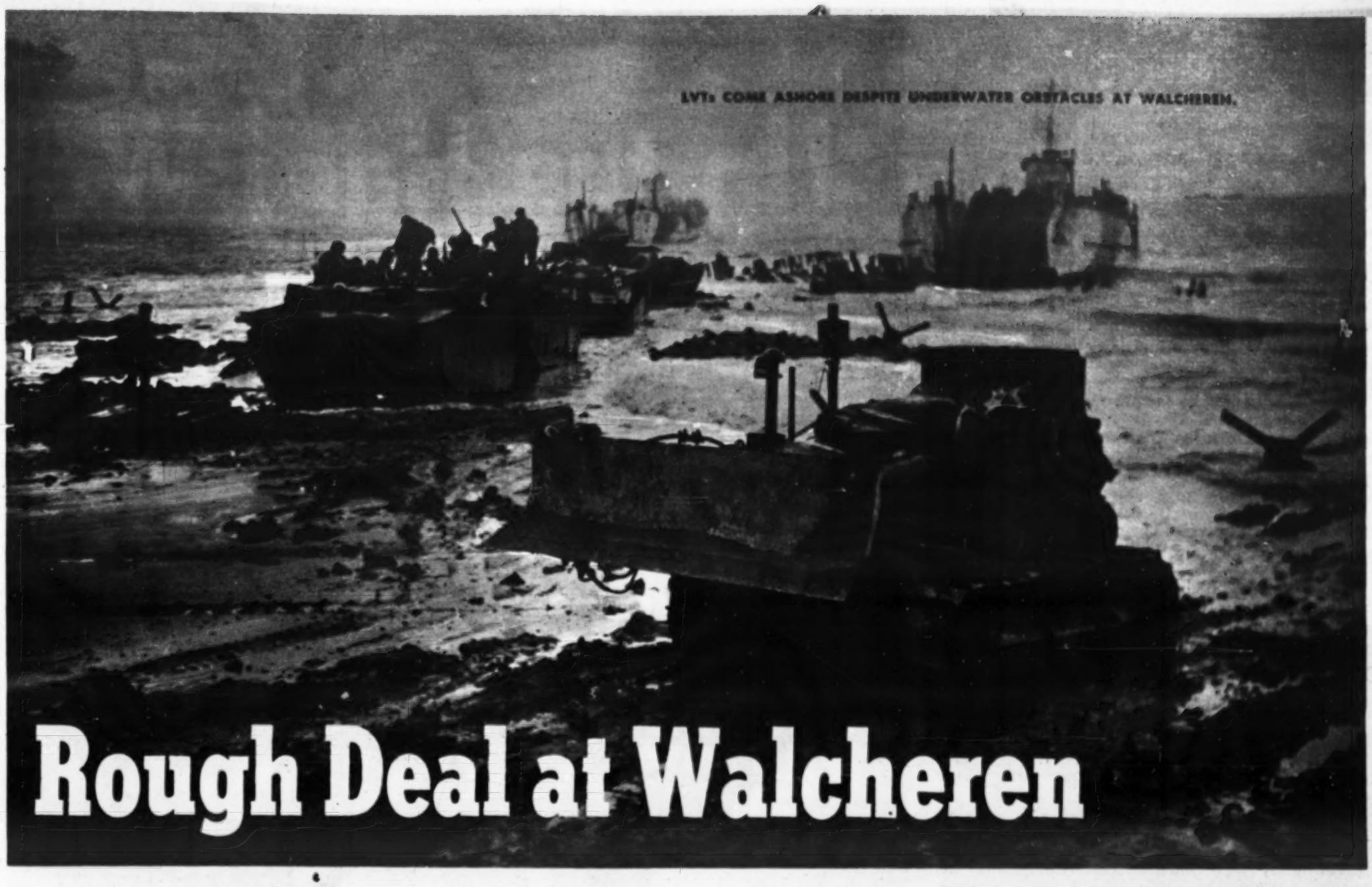
It was a tough fight, but Adam voted.

—Sgt. DON COOKE
YANK Staff Correspondent

This Week's Cover

FOR four months after he landed in Normandy on D-Day, Pfc. Gerand T. Robert, of Springfield, Mass., stayed at the front. Then, believe it or not, he drew a three-day leave at an infantry rest home behind the lines. A Signal Corps cameraman caught Pfc. Robert's joy as he tested the softness of his bed.

PHOTO CREDITS. Cover—Signal Corps. 2—Left, Signal Corps; right, Acme. 3 & 4—Signal Corps. 5—U. S. Navy. 6—Left, Sgt. Lou Stoumen; right, Signal Corps. 7—British Information Services. 10 & 11—Sgt. Bob Ghio. 12—Sgt. Bill Young. 13—Sgt. Dil Ferris. 17—Acme. 18—Upper left, Wright Field, Dayton, Ohio; upper right, AAFTTC, Sioux Falls, S. Dak.; lower, ASF, Camp Reynolds, Pa. 19—AAFPS, Greenwood, Miss. 20—Walter Thornton. 23—Upper, PA; lower, Acme.



LVTs COME ASHORE DESPITE UNDERWATER OBSTACLES AT WALCHEREN.

Rough Deal at Walcheren

By TOM BERNARD Sp(X)1c
YANK Staff Correspondent

WALCHEREN ISLAND, HOLLAND—The assault on Walcheren, nine-mile-square Dutch island whose guns covered the Scheldt River approaches to the great port of Antwerp, should have been a comparatively simple operation. But it turned out to be one of the bloodiest ETO actions since Dieppe. Twenty of 25 landing craft were sunk or damaged beyond salvage, and casualties were severe.

The LCT I boarded shortly after midnight on the day of the assault, part of a group known as "Serial 13," was hard hit and eventually sank. There were good reasons for our tough going.

Weather forced the cancelation of our tactical air support, and preliminary bombing by Mosquitoes and bombardment by the British battleship *Warspite* failed to knock out the Germans on the island's seaward side.

The Germans were manning more guns than we had expected, and their guns were trained on the only possible landing place. This was a 300-yard breach in the dike at Westkapelle on the island's northwest, seaward tip. The RAF had bombed the dike to let in the sea and open the way for Royal Marine Commandos.

The worst break was that the Germans apparently knew what was coming at least three hours before the first LCT touched down in broad daylight.

The officers and 11-man crew of our LCT were veterans, and so were the 120 Royal Marines, the Royal Navy beach party and the Royal Engineer sappers in the alligators and weasels jammed together on our tank deck.

Everything sounded smooth and easy the way Capt. D. J. Flunder, 22-year-old CO of the Commandos, explained it: "Our objective is simple. We go in through the gap and move right inside the dikes. The tanks will go ashore to support us farther inland, while the guncraft will lend support from the sea. Along the coast are several strong points—a radio station, a coastal gun battery and several concrete pillboxes.

"We'll have to get them. When we get to Zoutelande—about 6,000 yards—another Commando group passes through and links up with the forces landing at Flushing.

The town of Westkapelle had been gutted, it was reported by aerial reconnaissance. However, the damage to the emplaced guns wasn't known. There was a battery of big stuff, probably 281 millimeters, up the coast to the north.

South of Domburg there was another emplacement, and closer to the gap was a line of five guns in pillboxes. One heavy battery was known to have been located just south of Westkapelle, and another at the rear. It was believed, however, that many of these had been bombed out.

About five miles offshore we began drawing fire. From our bridge we could see one of our flak ships, armed with two-pounders and 20-mm guns, attack a line of five or six pillboxes atop a dike to the left of the gap. Suddenly the flak ship disappeared in a great blast of fire and smoke. We learned she had taken a direct hit on the magazine.

Our LCT had a speed of eight knots. The bursts around us increased in number and came closer. Our decks were showered with spray as a string of six explosions ran along our starboard side. Four rounds hit off our port and the shrapnel rained down on our bridge. A mortar shell crashed into an alligator on the tank deck near the wheelhouse and I was knocked flat.

Flames shot up in front of the single porthole through which the quartermaster steered the course. The firing increased, but all the shells burst astern. We dropped our ramp and the first alligator got down onto the sand. We saw the alligators cross the dike 15 feet over us, the weasels darting between the heavier vehicles.

The Quartermaster yelled and we could see at least 20 Nazis stumbling over the dike with their hands raised. They were being herded along by some Marines.

Three minutes after we had beached, all our vehicles but the alligator that had been hit were off and we pulled away. We had on board nearly 30 Marines, members of a machine-gun platoon scheduled to support other alligators.

Color Sergeant George Over, from London, a Commando in charge of the platoon, was mad. "This," he said, "is my fifth landing. I damn well got to get ashore." He directed the other Marines in hauling the wounded from the alligator. We were grinding our keel along the sand when we were hit again, this time on the bridge. The Quartermaster shouted to the bridge.

"Skipper, Skipper," he yelled, "are you all right?" He held his course—port engine full ahead. Soon, a faint voice came through the tube! "I've been hit, put in to the beach. Hard aport. Put in . . ." The voice trailed off.

When we landed the second time Sgt. Over tried to land his .303 guns and his men, but the water was too deep and the obstacles were too big. Two men got off. But when a gun went down to the bottom we pulled off again. The sailors and Marines hugged the deck. Near misses punctured our sides and added holes to the bridge and focs'le as we mooched along for miles at eight knots. The Marines gave up trying to put out the fire in the alligator when some of the 47,000 rounds of .303 ammunition it was carrying started to go off. Everyone retreated to the lee of the deckhouse or huddled inside the armor plate surrounding the 20-mm guns aft.

The crew went to work on the burning alligator when we got out past the range of the 11-inch coastal batteries, the 005s, the 055s, the 88s, the 75s and everything else the Nazis had thrown at us. They tried not to look at the dead Royal Engineer driver and radio operator who had been burned in the forward compartment. One Marine lay critically wounded in a stretcher and two others in the fantail farther aft told their pals that their fractured legs and shrapnel-punctured bellies didn't mean anything. Several Marines sat on the deck sipping rum and trying to stop the bleeding from minor head wounds.

Two men were dead and seven wounded. The captain had several deep shrapnel wounds in his face and left hand. The mess deck had a jagged hole and there were six or seven in the starboard side of the engine room.

WE wandered around among the other craft for 20 minutes, searching for the LCT which had been turned into a hospital ship. We finally found it but had to wait our turn as other craft discharged their wounded. When our turn came she pulled up alongside and tied up with bow and stern lines. I jumped across to talk to the captain of the hospital ship, and we watched two LCTs about 200 yards away. There was a great explosion and a fountain of water and smoke shot up. One of the LCTs seemed to jump up out of the water; then it rocked back and forth.

"That's the second one," said the captain.

The damaged craft made for our LCT as soon as she settled. She came at full speed, apparently out of control. I heard our captain yell, "Full speed astern, both!" and I jumped back aboard our LCT. The order was too late, though; the LCT rammed our starboard bow. The craft thrashed around and we were all tossed about.

Smoke was pouring from our tank deck and the LCT's back was broken.

The order to abandon ship was passed and an LCI came near to pick up some of our crew who had been thrown into the water. When it came alongside, some of the men tossed gear aboard, hoping to save some of their personal belongings. A stretcher case was passed over to the LCI, whose captain kept shouting, "Forget the gear and get aboard quick before she sinks."

The decks of the LCI were jammed with other wounded survivors and our captain went through them checking on his men. Seven sailors and some Marines had been blown overboard. Two were missing. Seven others were injured.

The LCI pulled away toward the flagship, to get orders and some of us stood on the afterdeck and watched our LCT settle slowly.

Up the Hard Way

Sgt. John Shelby was busted four times but won a battlefield commission. In North Africa, Sicily and Western Europe he proved he has what it takes.

By Sgt. BILL DAVIDSON
YANK Staff Correspondent

WITH THE FIRST DIVISION EAST OF AACHEN—In his first year and a half in the Army, John Shelby became a sergeant four times and was broken four times. Now this 27-year-old former cowboy and bartender is a second lieutenant, commissioned on the battlefield. Also, he is one of the fightingest, most decorated, best known and best liked men in the 1st Division. He has been wounded slightly four times and has two DCSs, the Silver Star and two Bronze Stars, and the Purple Heart, but when he got this decoration, it was because the company clerk made a mistake.

"Heroism," said Shelby, "is something that a guy does automatically to save his own can. The real heroes are the guys who do the job up front every day without getting their can into a place where it has to be saved."

The only decoration Shelby wears is the Combat Infantryman's Badge.

In the front line, Shelby is indistinguishable from the other GIs. He wears his combat zoot suit, and on rainy days he wraps himself in an officer's field coat with a two-foot strip of a GI raincoat sewed to the bottom. This strange garment covers the lanky Shelby from head to toe. It has become famous on the First Army front. Also, it has puzzled and sometimes frightened German prisoners.

"I may look like an Arab," said Shelby, "but at least I don't have that damned rain water running down my pants leg."

Shelby, who has been described as a walking advertisement for the battle-commission system, is a tough man to get to see. It involves traveling by jeep down a road commanded by enemy artillery, crawling over a ridge pocked by enemy mortars, crossing a field swept by occasional machine-gun fire and passing beyond the sandbagged positions of Shelby's platoon. There Shelby can be found in his combination OP and CP up in the outpost line. He always insists on doing his own observing for his platoon. So his CP is a German pillbox which is pinpointed by the enemy artillery 24 hours a day. Shelby is rated one of the finest mortarmen in the Army. Not so long ago, he was a private, then a corporal, then a sergeant in the platoon which he now commands.

Right after the battle of Kasserine Pass in Africa, the First Division was withdrawn to a rest area a few miles behind the lines. Shelby was a buck-sergeant section leader then. He was sitting around in the hillside bivouac area trying dutifully to scrub the dust out of his ears when the company commander, Capt. (now Lt. Col.) Edmund Driscoll, called him into the CP. The CP was in a cave and Shelby couldn't see very well in the dim light.

Reaching in his pocket, he pulled out two gold bars.

"Shelby," said the captain, "would you like to be a second lieutenant?" Shelby stammered out "Yes, sir," saluted and walked out, still not quite sure whether someone was playing a trick on him in the dark.

A few days later, as the division was getting ready to move on to the Gafsa battle, Maj. Gen. Terry Allen walked into the company bivouac area. Gen. Allen, then the divisional commander, walked up to Shelby, who was washing his field jacket. "What's your length of service?" said the general. Shelby told him. "What would you do with your platoon in such and such a situation?" asked the general. Shelby told him. "What do you think has been wrong with the division's tactics so far?" asked the general. Shelby told him. "Very well," said the general and he walked away.

A month after that, Shelby's outfit was involved in the battle for a hill outside Mateur. Shelby's platoon leader, Lt. John Shaughnessy had been hit three days before, and Shelby, then a staff sergeant, was running the platoon. They were about to move up the hill for the last assault, when the company commander came over. He gave Shelby his final instructions. Then he said: "Oh, by the way, Sergeant, I almost forgot something." He reached in his pocket and pulled out a pair of gold bars. "Put these on," he said, "and carry on, Lieutenant." That's all there was to Shelby's promotion. The drive of his platoon carried them to the top of the hill the same day.

The higher brass was so satisfied with the way Shelby's promotion turned out that 15 GIs in his regiment were commissioned the same way and led the 16th Infantry's D-Day assault in France. According to Capt. Jacob Margolin of Brookline, Mass., the regiment's S-1, they have worked out very well. "Especially Shelby," he says. "His men respect him so much for what he's done that they'd follow him even if he were a private."

Shelby's Purple Heart is probably the first one ever awarded to a man who wasn't wounded. Sgt. Shelby took his mortar section ashore at 0230 hours on the D-Day of our North African landings at Oran in 1942. Everything went well with the landings at first, but a few hundred yards beyond the beach, the battalion ran into an enemy ambush that stopped it cold.

Shelby ordered his squad to hit the dirt. They crawled out through the machine-gun and rifle fire and set up their mortar behind a stone wall in an apple orchard. An enemy mortar battery got the range and together with the machine guns began to cut up Shelby's battalion. The

night was pitch black, but Shelby sighted by the sound and flashes. He fired 75 rounds, fast. The enemy machine guns and mortars stopped firing. And the battalion advanced.

Shelby was cited for gallantry in action for that and recommended for the Silver Star. But back in the orderly room, a clerk got the recommendation mixed up with a batch of Purple Heart awards. One night at 0300 hours the regiment called for the recommendations to be sent up immediately. The clerk carried the bunch of forms in to Capt. Driscoll, who was then asleep in his tent. Driscoll signed all the forms automatically. So Shelby stood up one day and without saying a word to anyone, received the Purple Heart instead of the Silver Star.

Shelby is a mortarman by trade, but he is also a hell of a shot with a rifle. One day at Cornaline, in Normandy, near the Falaise Gap, his mortars were trying to knock out a German officer sitting in an artillery OP about 800 yards away. The German was spotting for a battery of troublesome 88s. His OP was so well protected by sandbags that the mortars couldn't get at him. "Oh the hell with it," said Shelby. And he ordered his mortars to cease fire.

A few minutes later, the German officer stuck his head out of his OP to repair a broken wire a yard or so away. Shelby, who was watching through field glasses, reached for his rifle. He killed the officer with a single round at 800 yards range. Later examination showed that the bullet had hit the German above the left ear.

Shelby is a lean 150 pounds, a six footer with thick black hair already graying, and a good-looking western cow-country face, marred slightly by a broken front tooth he never got around to having fixed. He was born on his father's farm outside Slaton, Tex. About the time that he started to go to school, he also started out on hunting trips with his father, gunning for quail, duck and coyote. He also began to collect rifles, shotguns and pistols.

His father, a Santa Fe engineer, was killed in a train wreck when Shelby was 9 years old, and the youngster went to work as "dope boy" on the local cattle ranches. A dope boy is a kid with a bucket who stands by at branding time and swabs the fresh brands on the cattle with a brushful of dope to keep the flies off. After a while, Shelby was graduated to riding in roundups, and later worked his way through high school by competing as a bronc buster in rodeos. He did quite well at that. He also did quite well at high-school football, where, as a 139-pound center, he played four years on the first team and made the 1937 all-conference team.

After high school, Shelby fooled around with rodeos for a while. Then he went up to Chicago, where he discovered that his brother Gordon (now a sergeant in the Eighth Air Force) was making a name for himself as head bartender at the cocktail lounge presided over by Barney Ross, the former light- and welterweight champion of the world. Before long Shelby, too, was a bartender for Barney.

In January 1940 Shelby decided to enlist in the Army. Soon after he found himself in the 131st Infantry. When the U.S. went to war in December 1941, Shelby requested a transfer to the 1st Division. He wanted to fight. Assigned to his present mortar platoon in the 16th Infantry, he went through maneuvers in the States, and with the British on Loch Lomond, where he spent 60 days on the water and developed a monumental case of seasickness.

Then he landed with the 1st in North Africa. In North Africa, in addition to his commission, he picked up two Bronze Stars, the accidental Purple Heart, a Silver Star, a neck full of shell fragments at Kasserine Pass, and a terriffic wallop on the knee from half of a Jerry shell at El Guettar. He got the Silver Star when he was a sergeant for organizing a patrol of riflemen that fought its way right into the German lines at El Guettar to carry back some wounded.

In Sicily, at Niscemi, just beyond the original beachhead at Gela, Shelby and his mortar platoon bulled their way inland for two or three miles. Then they got set up just in time for the tremendous German armored counterattack that nearly drove the 1st back into the sea. Shelby's platoon was later credited with a major part in breaking up this attack.

Shelby was in his OP on a hill directing the mortar fire by phone when the huge concentration of Nazi tanks came at him. Shelby threw everything he had at the tanks. He knocked out five *panzers* with his 81-mm mortars. But they still moved in. They ran right over his OP. "The hell with the tanks," yelled Shelby into the phone, "fire at the infantry that's following the tanks." The mortar men behind him kept firing. The German infantry wavered. Then it stopped.

But the Nazi tanks overran all the platoon's mortar positions and pushed on to the beach. Shelby and the men in his OP were in a bad spot on top of the hill. In a few minutes he was joined by 30 more men who had escaped the overrunning of the mortars. "Grab your bazookas," yelled Shelby, "and fire at those bastards in the tanks before they finish off the whole division." The mortarmen on the hill fired at the rear of the German tanks. This fire, combined with the fire coming at them from the beach, forced the tanks to break and run. The area was strewn with German *panzers*. They had no German infantry to cover them. It was one of the closest calls any American amphibious landing has ever had. It was also the closest call Shelby has ever had. "We thought," he says, "we were all done."

This action accounted for the first of Shelby's DCSs. He got his second for another little D-Day party in Normandy. He came ashore with his platoon under a hail of enemy artillery and mortar fire. For a while the men hung under the shelf of the beach. Then he led them across a mine field and up on to the ridge. "We just hoped," he says, "that no one would step on a mine." Three men did.

On top of the ridge, Shelby ran into a German antitank gun. The crew of the gun surrendered. Then Shelby saw a German setting up a machine gun on the ridge. He charged the nest by himself and killed the two machine gunners with three rounds from his rifle. After that he told the men to set up the mortars, and he and wireman Cpl. Peter Cavaliere of Providence, R. I., and Pvt. Joseph Parke of Brooklyn struck off down the ridge's far side to set up the OP.

They reached the village of Colleville and found themselves in a house surrounded by hordes of Germans. A whole company of 200 men attacked to try to get them out of the house. The Nazis threw wave after wave at the house. Shelby picked off four with his rifle and he and the others accounted for 11 more.

The Germans brought up a tank and bazookas. Shelby outfoxed this maneuver simply by switching houses. He watched the tank and the bazookas smash down the house they had just left. But this offered only a temporary breathing spell.

The Germans came at them again. There didn't

He charged the nest and killed both machine gunners.

seem to be much chance of holding out, but they did, until the battleship *Texas*, standing offshore, opened up with its 14-inch guns and proceeded to blow Colleville off the map.

Shelby, Cavaliere and Parke escaped under cover of the bombardment, and the next day the battalion attacked and took the ruins of the town. The three men had disrupted the whole German plan of defense in that area and tied up hundreds of Nazis who might have been kicking around the GIs pinned down on the beach.

Shelby and his platoon went through the Normandy building-up period, the break-through at St. Lo and the chase through France and Belgium—mostly riding as riflemen on the backs of tanks. At Aachen, they went out on the ride beyond Stolberg, absorbing five or six counter-attacks daily while the mopping-up went on inside the city, and firing 1,000 rounds a day.

They are living in mudholes, and dig constantly to keep out of the nonstop German artillery fire. They rate among the finest men in the Army. They are almost all Shelby's pals from the days when he was an enlisted man in the outfit, and he swears by them.

T/Sgt. John Diaoczok started in the outfit as a private with Shelby. At Kasserine Pass, he was manning a forward OP in support of G Company. The Germans attacked heavily with infantry. Diaoczok held fire until the Germans were almost on top of him. Then he and the entire platoon let go. They killed 20 Nazis with that one salvo, and the attack never got started.

S/Sgt. Jon Kuk and S/Sgt. Motley Maddox are just as good. Kuk knocked out a German 88 at Troina in Sicily with two rounds. Maddox got a German 77-mm antitank gun in the Siegfried Line with three rounds.

As for Shelby, he has definite post-war plans. "I'm going to take the $5,000 I've won in crap games in the Army," he says, "and I'm going to open a cocktail bar in the Loop in Chicago."

"Grab your bazookas," Shelby yelled, "and fire at those tanks before they finish the whole division."

Christmastide Back

Stores were swamped early because of the deadline on shipping packages overseas, and there were shortages of lots of things, including Santa Claus. People bought presents and planned to celebrate as usual, but it wouldn't be the same gay old time.

By Pvt. DEBS MYERS
YANK Staff Writer

IT is the Christmas season at home, and all over the land the holly wreaths are in the windows alongside the service stars. Christmas 1944 is a little different; it's bound to be. Everywhere people talk about the same thing: not this Christmas but the better Christmases ahead when the men come back from war.

There are shortages of many things; some old stand-bys can't be bought at all. There aren't any electric trains and sleds with steel runners. There are few skates, few radios, few bicycles. In San Francisco, wrapping paper is so scarce that some stores wrapped gifts in wallpaper, and some Michigan merchants asked their customers to accept their packages unwrapped.

In some stores even Santa Claus is a little ersatz. He's so busy in a war factory making such un-Christmaslike things as flame throwers and machine guns that his job—except for itchy whiskers—has been taken over in a few places by Mrs. Santa Claus, who smells in a revolutionarily pleasant way of perfume and Lux and not at all of work benches and reindeer and maybe beer.

Because of the Oct. 15 deadline on Christmas packages sent overseas, the buying stampede started in September, six to eight weeks ahead of schedule. By mid-November sales records already were being broken in Denver, Colo., and in many other cities the only thing that prevented stores from selling more than ever before was a lack of merchandise.

There wasn't, of course, enough hired help to handle the rush. In some Michigan towns, schools started their Christmas holidays ahead of schedule so the kids could work in the stores. In Chicago, officials of the Regional War Manpower Commission called on housewives who would not be otherwise employed to take part-time jobs. In New York, a large store dealing in low-priced merchandise appealed for 400 housewives to move from the buying side of the counters to the selling side, so it could handle the crowds. Everywhere customers pitched in and helped employees make out sales slips. Sometimes customers knew more about it than employees.

Railroad, bus and airline companies were swamped with reservations for holiday travel. All gave first consideration to servicemen.

Though the mailing of Christmas packages got the earliest start in history, post offices were still jammed. The load was a little lighter, however, because fewer Christmas cards were mailed than usual. In some towns the supply of Christmas cards gave out early.

DESPITE the changes brought on by the war, many of the old habits still hold. For instance, the girls still go for those funny clothes. The stores are featuring berets, called bumpkin seeds for no particular reason, about the size of a Kansas sunflower or a large Roosevelt button. Also on display are Kilties. These are bright plaid skirts, fringed and tasseled, which the girls get into by a deft wrapping-around process, something like the Maypole business that used to go on in the eighth grade. A Kiltie has buttons at the top, but no buttons from the top down. This leaves a substantial area of skirt to be whisked open by the first nosy breeze that happens along. The girls avert this unprovoked amiability by securing the bottom of the skirt—hold your helmets, you guys—with a four-inch safety pin.

There aren't any silk or nylon hose around, of course, and there haven't been for a long time. The girls are buying sweaters more than ever, and the sharp thing for the would-be Lana Turner is to wear two sweaters at once—a sleeveless sweater on the outside over a sleeved, high-necked one of a different color. Obviously the most important thing about a sweater is that it should be too tight in the first place, and also in the second place.

There is plenty of frilled-up understuff, including some black-lace numbers ideal for blondes and white-bearskin rugs. Servicemen overseas who send back their orders and those still in the States both give these filmy black-lace fripperies a record play. It seems brunettes and redheads look good in 'em, too.

Newest thing in the jewelry line are silver-colored bracelets known as bangles. Teen-agers wear half an armful at a time. Some of them can even lift their arm.

Men's clothes haven't changed much. The stores are featuring leisure jackets, expected to be the biggest thing on the market when the GIs come home. These are roomy two-shade jobs costing about $20. Suits are in bright patterns, although the old reliable shades are still available. It still is impossible to buy a double-breasted suit with a vest. Suits cost about what they always did, depending on how much you want to pay. A shirt can be bought for $2 to $2.50. Most shirts are candy-striped; solid-color shirts are hard to find.

Toys have changed drastically. They all are made of wood and plastics. Even metal soldiers are gone. All the toy soldiers, made of cardboard or plastic, are produced by people who never heard of a soldier taking a break. These miniature fighting men are all depicted in the most savage poses—shooting, bayoneting, hitting the silk. It's obvious every toy soldier is a bucker.

Popular with the youngsters is a military set of helmet liner, gun and holster, a whistle and two bullets. For a while all the helmets were marked with two stars. This was changed when some kids kicked; they wanted to be sergeants.

Latex-rubber punching bags can be bought for 39 cents; baseball gloves cost from $2.70 to $8; handball gloves cost $2.19; dolls cost from 50 cents up, and dolls dressed like brides, (optimistic in view of the manpower shortage) cost about $5. Coaster wagons and tricycles simply aren't for sale in most towns.

Christmas trees are plentiful, but in most towns Christmas-tree ornaments and baubles are sold out.

Home

One major woe this Christmas is a shortage of baby shoes. The reason, logically enough, is that there are more babies than shoes.

Thousands of GIs overseas and in training camps in the States wrote to stores in their home towns requesting Christmas gifts for relatives and friends. Most of the letters contained at least $10. Enclosed in some of the letters was as much as $100.

The gifts most frequently purchased through the mails by GIs were lingerie (usually black), perfume and cosmetics, household goods and toys. When they bought perfume they bought expensive brands, often with sentimental names.

GIs with children bought dolls for girls and military toys for boys. Wooden machine guns were a big seller. So were combat games played with cardboard soldiers, showing how to destroy the Japs with marbles in four easy lessons.

From an island in the South Pacific an infantryman wrote a store in New York, enclosing money for the purchase of Navy-blue satin bed sheets for his wife. He added a postscript that his wife was blonde and looked best in blue.

"After all," he concluded, "this damn war can't last forever."

An artilleryman in France requested that a pair of "thin, peach-colored scanties" be sent to his grandmother with no card enclosed. "Grandpa is nosier than the devil," the letter explained, "and he opens every package that hits the house. When he sees these pants for Grandma from a secret admirer, Grandpa will hit the ceiling. Grandma will be flattered as all hell."

For wives about to have babies, GIs usually ordered bed jackets. Most of them were stumped as to what to buy the babies, suggested rattles or left it up to the discretion of the store. One prospective parent, apparently convinced that he was about to father a prodigy, ordered for the child a box of checkers, a pencil-and-tablet set, a chemical set and a pair of boxing gloves.

In most cases GIs bought whisky and tobacco for their fathers, aprons and household goods for their mothers, gaudy clothes for their kid sisters, neckties and socks for younger brothers.

Far and away the most frequently purchased gift for shipment to GIs overseas and in training camps was food—usually crackers, cheese, deviled ham; things that could be carried without much trouble. Fruit cakes also were popular.

Also purchased for the GIs' Christmas were pens and pencils, stationery, pin-up pictures, playing cards, shaving equipment, brush-and-comb sets. Packages sent overseas were limited to five pounds.

A salesgirl of five years' experience said she believed shoppers were kinder this season, not quite so ready to gouge each other with umbrellas and less inclined to quarrel with the sales help.

"For some reason," she said, "people are a little nicer. The other day there was an old lady in here giving me all kinds of trouble. I couldn't please her and she kept complaining.

"She about drove me nuts and finally I said to her: 'Look, lady, I'm not a bad salesgirl. I can read and write and probably I could track an elephant in the snow, but I just can't be two places at the same time.'

"Once upon a time that lady would have reported me and I probably would have been fired. Instead she looked at me a minute and told me that I was perfectly right. Later on she brought me a sack of candy.

"Another thing—most of the people who come in here want to tell us about a son or a brother or a husband of someone who can't be home this Christmas. That's the thing that people are thinking about all the time. There isn't much to say. I got a brother in France myself."

In stores fortunate enough to be able to hire a Santa Claus, the kids clustered around him asking the old familiar questions.

One little boy complained to Santa that all he wanted for Christmas was a pony and that his father wouldn't get it for him.

"My dad says that even Santa Claus can't find me a house-broke pony," he protested.

Santa, interviewed away from duty, said that his job was not all gingersnaps and jolliness.

"Look," he said, "I've been Santa Clausin' for 11 years, come Christmas time, and I tell you it's tough. It's tough everywhere. This Christmas is better. Kids don't want so much. They're easier to get along with.

"All the time some kid used to come up to me in other years, acting all sweet and pretty, and then he would remember something that he had wanted for Christmas the year before that he didn't get and he would give me a fierce belt. Little boys are kickers. I've got scars on my shins to prove it. Little girls are beard-pullers. Thank God these ain't my own whiskers."

As usual, plenty of books were sold. There was a tremendous sale of dime comic books. Youngsters bought five and ten at a time, read them and gave them to pals for Christmas.

Superman, Captain Midnight and their legendary comrades-in-miracles had displaced from the book stands such stalwart standbys of former years as Tom Swift, the Rover Boys, the Pony Rider Boys and the Motor Boat Boys.

The only place these older books could be obtained was in 10-cent stores for 25 cents.

Tom Swift and his Electric Rifle had been outdated by a bunch of super-gunsels with interplanetary pistols. Trouble had become so fashionable that no one cared any more about Old Tom the Fun-Loving Rover.

The food situation varied according to locality but shaped up generally like this: The supply of turkeys was limited, and in most areas it was necessary to order them two weeks to a month in advance. Chickens were easier to get but also had to be ordered well ahead of Christmas. The same held true with ducks and geese. Ham and bacon were scarce. Olives, celery, potatoes, broccoli, spinach, coffee, bread, milk, nuts, raisins and fruit were plentiful. In most sections the supplies of cranberries and lettuce were limited. Prices, set by the Office of Price Administration, were based on 1942 levels.

Almost everywhere cigars and cigarettes were hard to get. If often took a long-standing friendship with the merchant and a letter from a political pal to get either cigars or cigarettes.

For a while it appeared that the States were facing a more than slightly dry Christmas. Then the War Production Board decided that the distillers were well ahead of their production for war purposes—alcohol is used in smokeless powder and synthetic rubber—and decreed that the liquor industry could devote January 1945 to the production of what is jocularly known as spirits. This meant that liquor supplies didn't have to be "hoarded" by the stores.

Even so, there still was a shortage of Scotch—only Louisville, Ky., reported an adequate supply—and in some places bourbon was hard to get.

Here are some of the popular brands and their prices for fifths: Three Feathers Reserve, $4.06; Lord Calvert, $4.69; Wilson's, $3.61; Imperial, $3.55; Old Granddad, $4.99; I. W. Harper, $4.44; Old Overholt, $4.25; Four Roses, $4.28; Paul Jones, $3.58; Canadian Club, $5.37; Black and White, $6.70; Cutty Sark, $5.62.

There was plenty of gin, plenty of rum and plenty of beer.

EVEN so, it was one of the quietest Christmas seasons of many years. People's thoughts were somewhere else—over the oceans, on battle fronts, in camps, in all the places where millions of men away from home were doing a mean job that took doing.

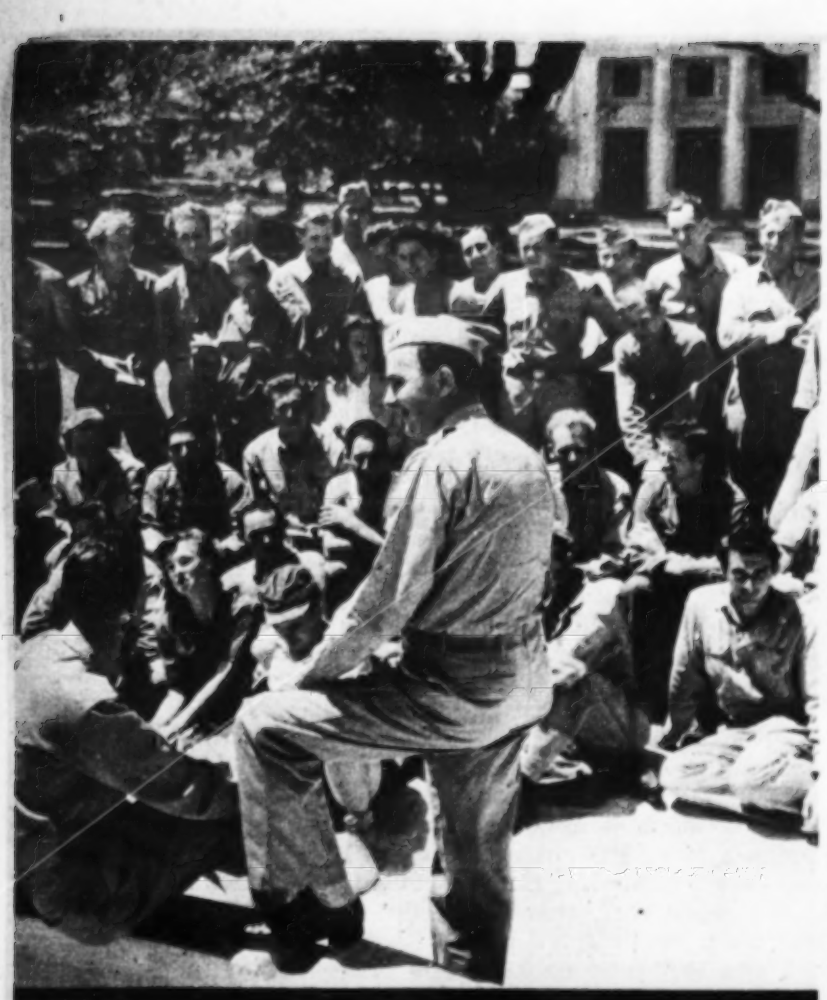
It couldn't be called a merry Christmas. There were too many homes with service flags in the windows.

The nation took to its heart 3-year-old Forrest Hoffman of Cheyenne, Wyo., incurably ill of a bladder ailment. Doctors feared that he could not live until Christmas, so his parents gave him a Christmas party in his own bedroom five weeks ahead of time. Probably he had more toys than any boy in the land, and two trees, both filled with gifts. From every state in the Union, he received telegrams, cards, letters and presents. Poor kids who didn't have much themselves sent part of what they had to him.

Everywhere churches were crowded. People prayed for better Christmases to come.

The season still means crowds of Christmas shoppers.

The shopping stampede started weeks ahead of schedule. Stores and post offices encouraged early buying.



An outdoor script reading with Capt. Evans.

Sgt. Bill Beynon is painting a poster for the players.

The truck caravan of GI players starts out on its journey.

One side of truck is lowered to make a stage.

The heroine (a real girl, too) is wooed by the GI hero.

Playtime in

THE 7th Division fought Japs on Attu and fought them again in the Marshalls. Now it's fighting more Japs in the Philippines. Before the Leyte landings, the 7th had a slight break in Hawaii. There, with Capt. Maurice Evans, noted Shakespearean actor, the men formed a top-notch dramatic troupe to tour the islands.

A crowd of soldiers gathers in front of the caravan stage on Oahu. When show is over, truck sides fold back up and the Hour Glass Players move to a new audience.

Soldiers, date and date's mother go to the dance in a command car.

n the Pacific

NIGHT life in Noumea, New Cale
donia, is at its best with the Gl
dances held twice a month at an
officers' club. The big event is not one
of those rat races where there are
fifty GIs for every woman. GIs bring
their own dates, everyone has a part-
ner and those who can't get a girl
for one dance go to the next one.

The GIs bring jitterbugging to New Caledonia. T-5 Max Kelso cuts a rug with Patty Bootsma of New Zealand

A corsage from T-4 Al Dennisoff to Josette Nurdin.

T-4 Bill Messick chats with a chaperon, Mlle. Helen Metzger.

Swoon croons are furnished by T-5 Nick Cea.

MAIL CALL

Demobilization

Dear YANK:

...Reserve officers above 38, at their option, have the privilege of separation from the service. However, nothing has been said about the EM. Many of us are filling non-key, easily replaced, positions in the T/O. We are, it seems, forgotten men, lost in the shuffle. No voice has been raised in our favor.... Who will champion our cause?

New Guinea —T-3 G. J. BOKIEN

Dear YANK:

...Men above 30 and particularly those above 38 should be thought of. A man in his 30s has less opportunity in the fewer years left to get going after discharge from the service. Make age an additional consideration by giving points for years, enabling the older fellows to get into civvies a few months sooner than the younger men....

Burma —Cpl. C. M. BUCHANAN

Dear YANK:

...I sincerely believe that the plan would have been more justified had age been entered as one of the stipulations.... It is also my belief that length of service in the Army should be another main factor, regardless of whether the man belongs to a combatant or noncombatant unit, or whether he has seen action or not....

India —T-3 FRANK TUZZOLINO

Dear YANK:

...A soldier over 32 should be awarded a certain number of points which will give him a better chance at getting out than men who are much younger....

Brazil —Cpl. M. H. GRANGER

Dear YANK:

...The pre-Pearl Harbor fathers now in the service wouldn't get much of a break....

Britain —T-5 WILLIAM VAN BAALEN

Dear YANK:

...All this fuss about married men being given such high priority is a lot of nonsense.... If anyone at all should get priority in receiving their discharges, it is the disabled and the limited-service men....

Hawaii —Pfc. ROBERT J. SHULAN*

*Also signed by three others.

Dear YANK:

I think releasing should come to all men according to their physical condition and length of service....

Iran —Pfc. JAMES ZACHARIE

Dear YANK:

...According to my interpretation of the plan, men who are considered essential—such as radio repairmen—will not be released under any conditions. I cannot see why so many radiomen are doing nothing bu digging ditches if they are so earnestly needed....

France —Cpl. I. DOSHAY*

*Also signed by Pfc. V. Logston and Pfc. H. Cooper.

Dear YANK:

Many men in this Army have postponed their marriage until the war is over in order that they could go home and start a life to their own liking.... These single men are just as eager to get back and start a home of their own as those who already have theirs. Another point is that many married men who are stationed in the U. S. have been practically living a civilian life. They have enjoyed many a privilege (such as living off the post) that for the single men was impossible....

Why should the single man always be penalized because of his status? He is the first to be called in war and the last to be employed during depressions.

Bryan, Tex. —Cpl. WILLIAM H. VAN ZANDT

Dear YANK:

...Many of us single men haven't had a chance to begin life, so it does not seem fair to me to make fathers and husbands a privileged group. I think that the single men should be given a chance to return home to get married and have their share of paradise....

Hawaii —Cpl. A. A. WALTERS

Dear YANK:

...I served 39 months in the Pacific Theater and am now in the European Theater. If my spec number is a necessity for the Pacific after the defeat of Germany, I understand that I will be shipped back to the Pacific for further service. I would like to ask what a man has to do to get home. How much time does he have to have overseas and what does the Government expect of a man? We are men, are we not?...

Italy —Sgt. MELVIN R. MEISNER

Dear YANK:

...Let's shape this system up and give us old guys some breaks, too—also the married men without families....

Belgium —M/Sgt. JOHN STIEFEL

Dear YANK:

...Give all the privates the first break for a change....

New Guinea —Pvt. HARRY SMITH*

*Also signed by Pvt. Michael Pavelich and Pvt. Salvatore Faso.

Gen. Collins' Comparison

Dear YANK:

About Gen. Collins' comparison of the European and Pacific theaters [in a YANK story by Sgt. Mack Morriss], may I suggest that it would have carried more weight had it been stated by a GI in a rifle company? The general admits the Germans to be smarter and to handle artillery capably, much more so than the Japs, yet he says he used foxholes frequently in the Pacific but never in France. Had he been with us in Italy, he would have developed a great affection for the slit trench. Most of us who have been in combat will agree that the hardest, most soul-shaking thing to bear is artillery—and, if I know anything about the Germans, wherever they are in the ETO there will be *beaucoup* artillery.

Granted that the Japs don't know when to quit and that climatic conditions in the Pacific are rough—still, inching up those mountains in Italy with Jerry firing down your throat, with mines planted all over the place, with the ice and freezing cold of Pantano and Cassino, and life on the bull's eye of Anzio—well, that was no picnic, either.

If a private may speak to a general, what do you say, sir, we hurt no one's feelings and call it a draw? Let's add a word to Sherman's line and say that war is hell anywhere.

Camp Kilmer, N. J. —Pvt. J. R. CLARK

WAC Girdles and Diet

Dear YANK:

I don't know who the supposedly bright individual was who answered Sgt. Wilson's letter regarding the avoirdupois of members of the WAC, but it is just about the most stupid, idiotic remark I've ever read.

How in the world is a girdle or garter belt going to reduce a person? Does the Quartermaster have a certain chemical in the girdles and garter belts that will cause one to lose weight?

Sgt. Wilson has a very good argument and I'm sure that if the people who make up those diets would try the same for 30 days, they would make a drastic change in our menus.

Camp Springs, Md. —S/Sgt. BERNICE R. BRUST

Dear YANK:

In answer to Sgt. Jessica E. Wilson's letter about Wacs gaining weight because of our Army diet, you said there was a WD Memo (600-44) whereby Wacs could buy girdles and garter belts through the Quartermaster. We have yet to be able to get such things, and I might say we are badly in need of them.

Don't tell us this memo is void already!

Altus AAF, Okla. —Wacs of Altus Field

Neutralized Japs

Dear YANK:

Our outfit is made of up veterans from all over the globe who have been returned to the U. S. after two years or more overseas.

I am the orientation noncom in my battery and, at each session we have, the same question is brought up by members of the battery who have returned from the South Pacific. The question is: After the Philippines have been retaken, what will be done about the Japs who still occupy those bases in the Pacific that have been neutralized—such as Truk, part of New Britain and almost the entire Dutch East Indies?

Some of the men think that those outposts will fight to the end even if the central government of Nippon is forced to surrender. These men also feel that they will undoubtedly have to return to help rout out the fanatical Japs. Others think that when we cut off the bases, the Japs there may be inclined to see the light and lay down their arms. The men who think this are very much in the minority, though.

The War Department orientation fact sheet seems to skip around this question. We would like to hear other opinions—especially from GIs in the Pacific.

Camp Gruber, Okla. —Cpl. A. A. QUEENAN

Neutralizing Tellermines

Dear YANK:

In a recent issue of YANK we noticed that you indicated a method for neutralizing Tellermines.

This office at the present time operates Engineer Technical Intelligence Teams in the ETO and one of the victories to which we can point with pride over the Germans has been that their new Tellermine Igniter with an anti-lift feature has been of no operational value to them since this was discovered by one of our teams and the word passed to all theaters of war so that troops would not undertake the neutralization of Tellermines. It is regrettable that your publication has indicated that the pressure plate can be removed to neutralize the Tellermine. While this feature is true when the Germans use the Tellermine Igniter 42 (T. Mi.Z. 42), it is emphatically untrue when they use the Tellermine Igniter 43 (T. Mi.Z. 43). The policy has been established that the troops will not undertake to find out, i.e., not neutralize, which is a fatal process, but will lift only or destroy in place.

...We have instructed all troops not to attempt to neutralize Tellermines, and we must insist that that be adhered to.

France —Lt. Col. EDGAR L. MORRIS

Rank in the Regular Army

Dear YANK:

I just read in the paper the other day about the latest general to get a promotion in permanent rank. I wonder if anyone has thought about permanent promotions for the GI. I happen to be one of the screwballs who want to stay in the Army after the war and, because I am married and have a child, I worry about permanent rank. I will sink back to corporal on the basis of permanent rank and I don't like it. If that happens to me and a lot of others that want to stay in the Army, they will have to get out so that they can live.

How about having your Washington man check up on what will happen to the men who want to stay?

Dale Mabry Field, Fla. —M/Sgt. J. R. LA BONTE

■ YANK's Washington bureau says WD post-war plans can't be made until Congress decides the question of post-war selective service.

The Hump-Hoppers

Dear YANK:

Some of the unsung heroes of this war are the Hump-Hoppers. They go out on their dangerous missions over the treacherous mountains as if it were a milk run, although their C-46s have no armament except sidearms against the Zeros that pop up once in a while. In my estimation they are doing a terrific job flying supplies to China..

In the newspapers the Pea-Shooter pilots are always getting the most publicity. How about some recognition for those gallant Hump-Hoppers?

India —Pvt. NORMAN SMITH

Anzio Shoulder Patch

Dear YANK:

As an Anzio veteran, I would like to know why no recognition in the form of an award was ever given for the bloody battles of Anzio? I read about the 1st Marine Division being given a shoulder patch with the word "Guadalcanal" on it. They did a magnificent job over there, but so did we in Anzio. How about a similar patch with "Anzio" on it?

Eastern France —T-5 JOHN A. MICALLEF

Surplus Cars

Dear YANK:

One of the problems confronting our country is what will be done with the millions of dollars worth of equipment we will have on hand after the war. I would like to know why GIs cannot have first choice on the thousands of cars the Army is disposing of now. The car dealers who placed outrageous prices on cars during the war now fall heir to these Army cars. It isn't fair to the boys. They all remember the day their country called and the dealer handed them quick cash for their cars, far below the cars' value. Why can't each Army camp have a set-up so the men may get a chance at these cars now?

Fort Belvoir, Va. —Pvt. CLIFFORD ULRICH

Powdered Eggs

Dear YANK:

If powdered eggs are fixed in the right way, they are an excellent dish for breakfast or supper. I am a first cook on my second trip overseas. I used the eggs on my first trip over and I use them now, and I think the men will eat the eggs fixed in this manner:

Reconstitute the eggs as directed, adding 3 tablespoons of baking powder, salt, pepper and a No. 56 dipper of powdered milk. Mix well and let set until ready to use. To make omelets on field stoves, use the griddle. After the egg begins to cook, take a knife and cut it into eight pieces and fold them over. Cook until done and serve.

I have used this method many times and the men in my battery often ask if the omelet isn't made out of fresh eggs, which are at a premium here.

New Guinea —T-4 GRAHAM F. CAMPBELL

Anglo-American Friendship

Dear YANK:

I would like the boys over here and the people in the States to know how at least one Britisher feels about Anglo-American friendship. For five months I've been working close to the Americans. Wherever I've been—eating doughnuts in the coffee shop, talking in the message center or sweating it out in the cinema line—I've found them a great bunch of guys.

We exchanged ideas on everything from domestic problems to how armies should be run and, believe me, I learned a lot! It's a great pity the people who live on our side of the home water don't know you guys better. One can't just get acquainted over a drink at a bar. I am sure if a lot of our boys knew you guys better, petty fights and brawls would never take place.

Southeast Asia Command —Sgt. JOSEPH W. J. TYRRELL

Directions of a Yank MP only bewilder this native.

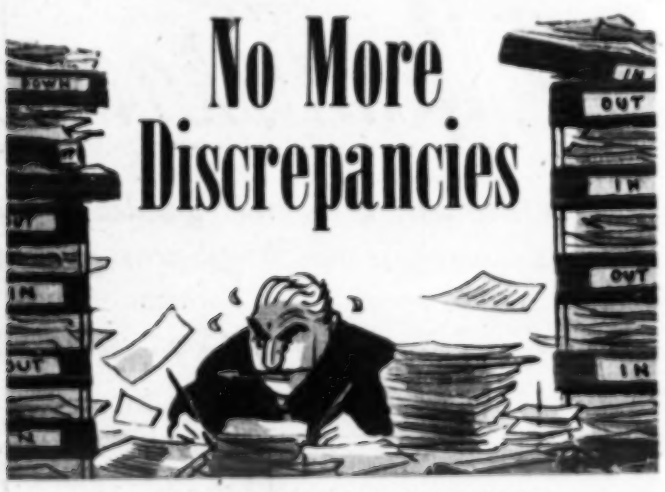
Four GIs carry one of their wounded back on a stretcher from the North African battle front.

Sketches from the Mediterranean

Cpl. Hughes A. Aldridge, in North Africa with a Fighter Squadron, kept his eyes open and his drawing tools busy. A professional artist in civilian life, Cpl. Aldridge spent his spare time recording impressions of the scenes about him. Here are samples of his brush-and-pen reporting.

Dusty doggies shower in an improvised bathhouse. Water from the GI can is heated by the sun.

A soldier sweeps the roadway with a mine detector.



No More Discrepancies

By Pfc. WILLIAM C. SCHMIDT

LT. GILDERSNATCH came to our outfit a little more than a year ago. He had been a liaison officer between some Air Forces outfit and the GI laundry, but the outfit had moved out and left him behind. He had been bounced about from one outfit to another, but nobody seemed to have a job for him.

Lt. Gildersnatch came here with a letter of recommendation from his last CO, who happened to be a friend of our CO. The letter:

"Dear Herman: Remember the $200 you owe me from that crap game in November of 1941? If you keep this lieutenant, I'll forget the debt."

We didn't have a job for the lieutenant, but the Old Man, no doubt motivated by a combination of pity for the sad shavetail and a profound attachment to his $200, decided to keep him.

When the Old Man discovered that Lt. Gildersnatch had been a time-study man in civilian life, he designated him the official "Training Program Schedules, Systems, Training, Organization and Administration Officer," for the purpose of "expediting the speedy training of our troops."

Not that our outfit needed any expediting. In fact, we were known as the "Time Clock Battalion." We were efficiency plus. Everybody knew what he was supposed to do and did it.

But, all in all, the lieutenant needed a job and that seemed the logical one for him. At least, the Old Man reasoned, it would keep him out of the way and make him happy.

The next morning Lt. Gildersnatch arrived at the orderly room to assume his duties. You could see he was happy, because he walked with a spring in his step, a song on his lips and a box of Tootsie Rolls under his arm.

Despite the efforts of Lt. Gildersnatch, the outfit continued to function like clockwork that first day—except twice. In the morning a company of troops tried to enter the training theater through the same door another company was coming out, and that afternoon the troops arrived at the rifle range six minutes late.

That night a special bulletin appeared:

"Lt. Gildersnatch has encountered unforeseen difficulties in the execution of his duties as expediting officer and needs the aid of 10 assistants. Men who are excused from training formations because of hangnails may apply."

The next morning Lt. Gildersnatch and his 10 hangnail-burdened assistants went to work, armed with six newly arrived typewriters.

That day eight companies tried to get into the training theater at once and the troops never did get to the range. Also, the troops scheduled to receive shots wound up in the bivouac area.

The next morning a group of 100 men arrived to bolster Lt. Gildersnatch's ailing enterprise. They were a mixture of limited-service men afflicted with such crippling maladies as athlete's foot, dandruff, bags beneath the eyes and pink toothbrush. A 6-by-6 loaded with office equipment arrived and Lt. Gildersnatch moved his headquarters to the post gymnasium.

That day all hell broke loose. It reached a climax when six companies were misplaced. They never have been found to this day.

By this time the Old Man decided the lieutenant was carrying things just a bit too far. "Smedley," he said gruffly to himself, "you'll have to bust up this crazy thing."

But the Old Man had a soft heart, and when he saw the beaten-dog look on the lieutenant's face and the big tears welling in his eyes, he broke down. He felt like a villain kicking a sick puppy.

During the weeks that followed, a great change took place in the outfit. Hundreds of men were inducted into Lt. Gildersnatch's enterprise. The Engineers arrived to build huge office buildings. The Signal Corps strung miles of wires. Whole truck convoys arrived bearing all types of office equipment from mimeograph machines to 38-place logarithm tables.

Lt. Gildersnatch was confronted with the gargantuan task of whipping this muddle into an efficient office force. He established bureaus, departments and offices to handle various duties.

But things were a mess. The Dubbing Procurement Department, for instance, got its requisitions messed up and received 13 cases of Father Peter's Kidney Elixir. Shoestring Distribution was snafued, too. One day a private came in with three shoestrings for salvage but, since shoestrings are issued only in pairs, the clerk gave him four shoestrings. That messed up the files hopelessly. Lawnmower Maintenance had six sewing machines instead of blade sharpeners and Shelter Half Disassembly had 12 weather experts they didn't know what to do with.

Every night for weeks the light burned late and bright in Lt. Gildersnatch's office. Slowly he untangled the mess, and then came the one glorious day when not a single discrepancy arose in the whole organization.

He should have been satisfied with things as they were, but he wasn't. Every once in a while a little discrepancy reared its ugly head. Work and try as he might, he couldn't iron out those occasional little mix-ups. He issued directives to the right and memorandums to the left, but to no avail. It looked as if Lt. Gildersnatch would never achieve his long-sought perfection.

THEN came the tragic day when some person made the horrible discovery that there were only seven men in the whole battalion who were not working in Lt. Gildersnatch's office. When the Old Man heard this he was furious. He stormed into Lt. Gildersnatch's office raging that this silly outfit must be abolished.

"Calm down, sir," said the lieutenant. "Have a Tootsie Roll and let's talk this thing over."

"You can't bribe me with sweets," the Old Man roared, pocketing a fistful of Tootsie Rolls.

"But don't you see, sir," said the lieutenant. "Those little discrepancies—it's those seven men who have been causing me all my trouble. If we could just eliminate them, we'd have the most efficient office organization in the whole army."

The Old Man nodded and shot a stream of Tootsie Roll juice with uncanny accuracy into the butt can.

So the next morning the seven remaining enlisted men were quietly absorbed into Lt. Gildersnatch's organization and the Old Man went to work as head of the Overnight Pass and Section Eight Department.

That was seven months ago and, from that day on, not a single discrepancy has appeared in the whole outfit.

STRICTLY G.I.

Divisions in Europe

THREE more divisions have been revealed as participating in the six-army drive against the Germans from the west. On the Seventh Army front around Strasbourg, the 44th Infantry Division has been in action. Composed of New York, New Jersey and Delaware National Guard units, the 44th was federalized in September 1940 at Fort Dix, N. J., but was twice reorganized. The division completed its training in August 1944 at Camp Phillips, Kans. Its present CG is Maj. Gen. Robert L. Spragins.

Activated in July 1942 at Fort Benning, Ga., the 10th Armored Division trained in Tennessee and Georgia before shipping overseas. Commanded by Maj. Gen. William H. H. Morris Jr., the 10th is taking part in the Third Army's push across northern Lorraine into the Reich.

The 1st Division's onetime commander, Maj. Gen. Terry de la Mesa Allen, is leading the 104th Infantry Division, newly revealed in action with Canadian forces at the Holland-Belgium border. Activated in September 1942 at Camp Adair, Oreg., the 104th also trained in Colorado.

V Corps Commander

Maj. Gen. Leonard T. Gerow is commander of the V Corps on the Western Front.

Casualty News

The WD has announced plans to provide more detailed and rapid information to the relatives of Army casualties. Under the new system, which is effective immediately, the original notification of the casualty will be followed by a letter to the emergency addressee from the soldier's CO or chaplain, giving specific details of the circumstances and nature of the wounds and, in case of death, the funeral arrangements and other information. Progress reports, describing the nature of the soldier's wounds or illness and his condition, will be sent to emergency addressees every 15 days by the hospital. All letters and postcards relating to casualties will now be sent to the States by airmail.

Head-Wound Gas Mask

The Chemical Warfare Service has developed and is now producing a gas mask to protect patients with head wounds from poison gas. The mask, known as M7-11-9, is the first such device to afford protection to patients with bandaged heads, faces or jaws. It consists of a silk-like plastic hood to which an air-purifying canister and an outlet valve are attached. A flexible window across the eyes provides clear vision. The mask is pulled over the head like a sack, and the skirt of the hood fastens tightly about the neck or is taped to the chest. The mask was developed for use in hospitals and other installations vulnerable to gas attacks from the air.

"Your invention is no good any more, Novak; we're in Germany now."

Ground Casualties

Army casualties, excluding those of the Air Forces, during the operations in France, the Lowlands and the German border region totaled 200,349 from the time of the initial landings to Nov. 1. Of these, 35,884 were killed, 145,788 were wounded and 18,677 were missing. These figures include the casualties of the Seventh Army, which landed in Southern France, as well as those of the armies which came through Northern France.

Discharge Certificates

The Army is taking action to make sure that discharge certificates do not mention the physical condition of the recipient. Similar measures have been taken regarding the blue (without honor) discharge. Discharge certificates containing entries describing the physical condition should be forwarded, if the holder wants the entries removed, to The Adjutant General, Washington 25, D. C.

LATEST WAC FASHIONS include (l. to r.) a full Arctic uniform, a tropical uniform, the liner for the Arctic job and the familiar regulation winter outfit.

Washington OP

How To Avoid Trench Foot. Trench foot is not a communicable disease. It is the deterioration of the tissues of the feet caused by a poor blood supply when your feet get too cold. It can put a man out of action for weeks, keeping him hospitalized, with a painful burning sensation in his feet all the time. It can cause—and has caused in Attu and in Italy last winter—many amputations. All in all, it's a good thing to stay away from.

The Climatology and Environmental Protection Section of the Quartermaster General's Office says that to avoid the disease, feet shouldn't be allowed to remain cold and wet more than 24 hours. In fact, once every 12 hours they should be made completely warm, dry and comfortable, with the circulation back to normal. Even if a man is stuck in a foxhole for several days, he should try twice a day, or at least once, to remove his shoes and dry them and massage his feet until they are warm. That's where dry socks come in.

If you don't have dry socks, you should still try to get your feet warm, but a change of socks is excellent protection against amputation, which can result from cold as well as from enemy bullets. Major Siple, head of the CEP Section, believes that the heat energy you save by changing to dry socks more than equals the energy you derive from a K ration.

The simplest way of getting your socks dry and warm again is to put them inside your shirt and underwear, next to your skin. They may feel cold and clammy, but they won't lower the temperature of your chest. They will dry if you don't get them soaked with sweat.

Your body, including your head, usually stays about the same temperature, but your hands and feet have a tendency to take on the temperature of their surroundings. If your feet get cold quickly, you will feel pain and know that something is wrong. But if they get cold slowly, your circulation may be impaired and you may develop trench foot before you know anything about it. It may be too late by the time you find out.

The easiest way to get cold feet is to have wet feet. Any ingenuity you may have in foxhole construction could well go into digging a drainage system. If this isn't possible, build a little shelf for your feet above water level, not for comfort so much as for safety. Coddle your feet. Maybe a man's best friend is his rifle, but a man can get another rifle.

—YANK Washington Bureau

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YANK THE ARMY WEEKLY

CAMP NEWS

Wheezer and his uniforms.

Model Airplanes Serve As 'Guinea Pigs'

Wright Field, Ohio—Sgt. Robert Kimes of Los Angeles, Calif., has put a hobby to work for Uncle Sam. He constructs dynamically balanced airplane models, approximately 1/20 scale of full-size planes, and uses them to test the spinning and recovery-from-spin characteristics of planes in the vertical wind tunnel of the Air Technical Service Command here. Motion pictures are taken to designate the length of time and number of turns it takes a model to recover from its spinning.

Kimes acquired the knack for model-making first as an apprentice machinist in a tool-manufacturing company and later working with his father in constructing engines and miniature racing cars.

In his spare time he constructs scale-model airplanes for sale. He plans to build models of automobiles from the first experiment to the present streamlined car.

A Harsh Lesson

Camp Robinson, Ark.—After morning calisthenics the men of a headquarters battery picked up their field jackets, put them on and formed into sections for close-order drill. There was one field jacket still left on the ground, but the NCOs were careful not to march the troops over it. Later the lieutenant in charge became peeved because it had been left and marched the men over it several times until it was ready for a good dry-cleaning job.

Halting the battery, he commanded: "The man who belongs to this field jacket step forward!"

After a few moments of silence, which seemed to antagonize the lieutenant all the more, a timid voice from the rear piped up: "It's the lieutenant's jacket, sir."

Post-War in Addis Ababa

Camp Reynolds, Pa.—Not long ago Cpl. Erwin Faller, a Swiss by birth, an Ethiopian by adoption and an American citizen by naturalization, received a letter from the Emperor Haile Selassie of Ethiopia that settled his post-war plans. After he is mustered out of the Army, he will resume his place on the staff of Selassie's palace.

Faller was head chef at the Grand Hotel in Bern, Switzerland, before he accepted the offer in 1933 to go to Addis Ababa and take charge of Selassie's kitchen. He had been there a year when Ethiopia's war with Italy broke out, and when Selassie fled Faller stayed behind to close the palace. The Italians held him a prisoner for 12 days. Then he returned to Switzerland and wrote a book about his experiences.

In 1937 he came to the United States and settled in Washington, D. C. He became a citizen and was inducted last December.

CONVERSATION PIECE

Camp Shanks, N. Y.—Cpl. Everett (Slim) Vannier, a tall and taciturn training noncom, was being questioned by an inquisitive GI at the next sink while shaving. The conversation went like this:

"Where you going?"

"Texas."

"Got a furlough?"

"Nope."

"What is it, Army business?"

"Yep."

"What are you doing, taking some guy down?"

"Yep."

"What is he, a prisoner?"

"Yep."

"Is he a nice guy?"

"Guess so."

"Think you'll get along with him okay on the trip?"

"Guess so. He's dead."

Imperial Cook Cpl Faller

'Our Gang' Diaper Kid In the Army Now

Sioux Falls AAF, S. Dak.—If you remember the early days of the "Our Gang" comedies in the late 20s, you may recall the baby with the big diaper who clung to his faithful mongrel Pete, the black-and-white pooch with the big circle around his eye. You may even recall that the kid's name was Wheezer.

Well, Wheezer has outgrown his oversized diaper. He's Pvt. Bernard W. Hardesty, an ROM student at this AAF Training Command Radio School, 19 years old, 5 feet 10 and crowding 150 pounds.

His infant daughter Sandra has inherited his famous diaper. "And I'm proud to say she wears it a lot more gracefully than I did," he said. "My only regret is that she can't grow up with Pete like I did. Old Pete was a '57 varieties' specimen and one of the most lovable dogs you ever saw among children."

Hardesty broke into "Our Gang" comedies after he won a national contest in Pittsburgh in 1927. He played in many of the Hal Roach flickers in the next three years, then retired from the movies at the august age of 5, when his diaper got too tight. He was working as an accountant in Pittsburgh before he entered the Army.

Seeing America First

Fairfield-Suisun AAB, Calif.—"Permanent change in station?" That's what Pfc. Thomas Butler wondered when he began his fourth month here after spending 26 months at 16 Army installatons in eight different states.

Butler entered the Army at the Induction Center in Houston, Tex., and between there and Fairfield he has been assigned to Fort Sam Houston, Tex.; Kearns Army Air Base, Utah; Cadet Classification Center, Nashville, Tenn.; Maxwell Field, Ala.; Keesler Field, Miss.; Clerical School, Los Angeles, Calif.; Salt Lake City Army Air Base, Utah; Harvard Army Air Field, Nebr.; Great Bend Army Air Field, Kans.; Herington Army Air Field, Kans.; Colorado State College; Washington State College; Buckley Field, Colo., and Hamilton Field, Calif.

Sideshow Signature

Camp Wheeler, Ga.—A private who was transferring here from Fort George G. Meade, Md., caused a mild sensation when he applied at Virginia District Headquarters of the Third Service Command for part of his pay. He had to sign his name three times. And his name is Lelocioussszuieusszesszes Willihilminizzissteizzu Hurrizzissteizzu.

No wonder his former top kick, Sgt. William Welch of Company B, 7th Battalion, used to call him "Pvt. Lee." And no wonder Robert L. (Believe It or Not) Ripley offered a reward of $150 to any person with a name containing more letters.

Pvt. L. W. H. was born 30 years ago in Siam, now known as Thailand.

AROUND THE CAMPS

Camp Gordon Johnston, Fla.—T-5 Thomas Scott and Mrs. Scott didn't know what to name their expected offspring if it was a girl, so they offered a $25 prize for the best name suggested. Pfc. Daniel Squires of St. Louis won by submitting the name of Cheryl Jean.

Camp Crowder, Mo.—Tommy D. Wadelton Jr., author of "Army Brat," is now a private taking basic training here. Military life is no novelty to Wadelton, who spent many of his early years at various posts where his father, Lt. Col. Thomas D. Wadelton, retired, was stationed. His next book, "Silver Buckles on His Shoes," soon to be published, has a Navy background.

Camp Edison, N. J.—A grateful GI here wrote a letter to his election board: "Thank you for the ballot application. It came as a welcome and flattering surprise. This is the first time I have been invited to express an opinion on anything in 18 months."

Camp Haan, Calif.—Pvt. Helen Truitt of the AAATC WAC Detachment here is the kind of a girl who takes people at their word. When a sergeant said, "Darling, I'd even be a private again for you," she gripped the apex of one of his chevrons and pulled it off. Then she repeated the routine on the other sleeve.

LIBERAL INTERPRETATION?

Scott Field, Ill.—Sgt. Harold L. Asen, who writes the "Behind the Hangar" column in the Scott Field *Broadcaster*, points out that if somebody calls you an ugly so-and-so you don't have to take it. Just pull out *AR 40-105* and turn to section VII, paragraph 25 *(a)*. It says very plainly there that "extreme ugliness" is a cause for rejection for military service. And you're in the Army, ain't you?

NOW HE CAN PROVE IT

Fort Crook, Nebr.—Pfc. Willard J. Frey had his troubles until the orderly room took pity on him. Though he is 21, he could never get any beer in Omaha because he looks about 17. He appealed to the orderly room and Lt. Harold B. Hammer, his CO, has furnished him with an affidavit certifying that he is of age and may be served his favorite beverage.

—Pfc. MORRIS A. SPRINGER

Camp Breckinridge, Ky.—USO officials canceled a contest to determine "The Most Handsome GI Joe in Camp Breckinridge" because only 12 entries were received. The prize was to have been $25, the use of a late-model car and a date with a beautiful girl.

Davisville, R. I.—The editor of the *Bulldozer*, publication at the Seabee base here, reports that when a Providence landlord asked a sailor's apartment-hunting wife whether her husband was an officer or just a "plain sailor," she put him in his place. If it hadn't been for the many boys who are "just sailors," she told him, he might be pushing a rickshaw instead of renting property.

Smoky Hill AAF, Kan.—T/Sgt. Charles Handler has a true friend in Sgt. Louis Simon. Both are from Chicago. While Simon was here visiting him, Handler was about to go out for a period of physical training. "Wait a minute, Charlie," Simon said, "and I'll go with you!"

Davis-Monthan AAF, Ariz.—Cpl. Julie Kaupas of Chicago is entitled to the KP's medal with at least three garbage-can clusters for meritorious service above and beyond the call of duty. Julie was CQ one night recently. When it was time for her to wake the KPs, she found that one was a friend of hers who had not been feeling well and hadn't known she was to be on KP. Without a word to her friend, Julie got relieved from CQ, reported on KP and did her friend's trick.

U. S. Army Recruiting Office, Detroit, Mich.—Cpl. Ruth Wolf, on duty in the PRO here, received a small live turtle through the mail from a GI friend in California. She put it out on her desk for all her fellow workers to see. A short time later the turtle was missing. Cpl. Wolf spent half an hour looking for it; then, resigning herself to the loss, she went back to work at her typewriter. But the keys kept sticking. A repairman was called. He found the trouble—and Ruth's new pet.

Wright Field, Ohio—Pvt. Samuel Gliken, Section BH, 4000 AAF Base Unit, won acclaim as the raw-egg-eating champion of this field after he downed a dozen in exactly one minute and 40 seconds.

Fort Monmouth, N. J.—Lt. Leslie Dolan, police and prison officer, answered the phone and a feminine voice said: "Can I visit my boy friend who is an American prisoner of war?" "You mean in Germany?" asked the astonished lieutenant. "Oh no," the FV said. "Right here at Fort Monmouth—he's in the guardhouse."

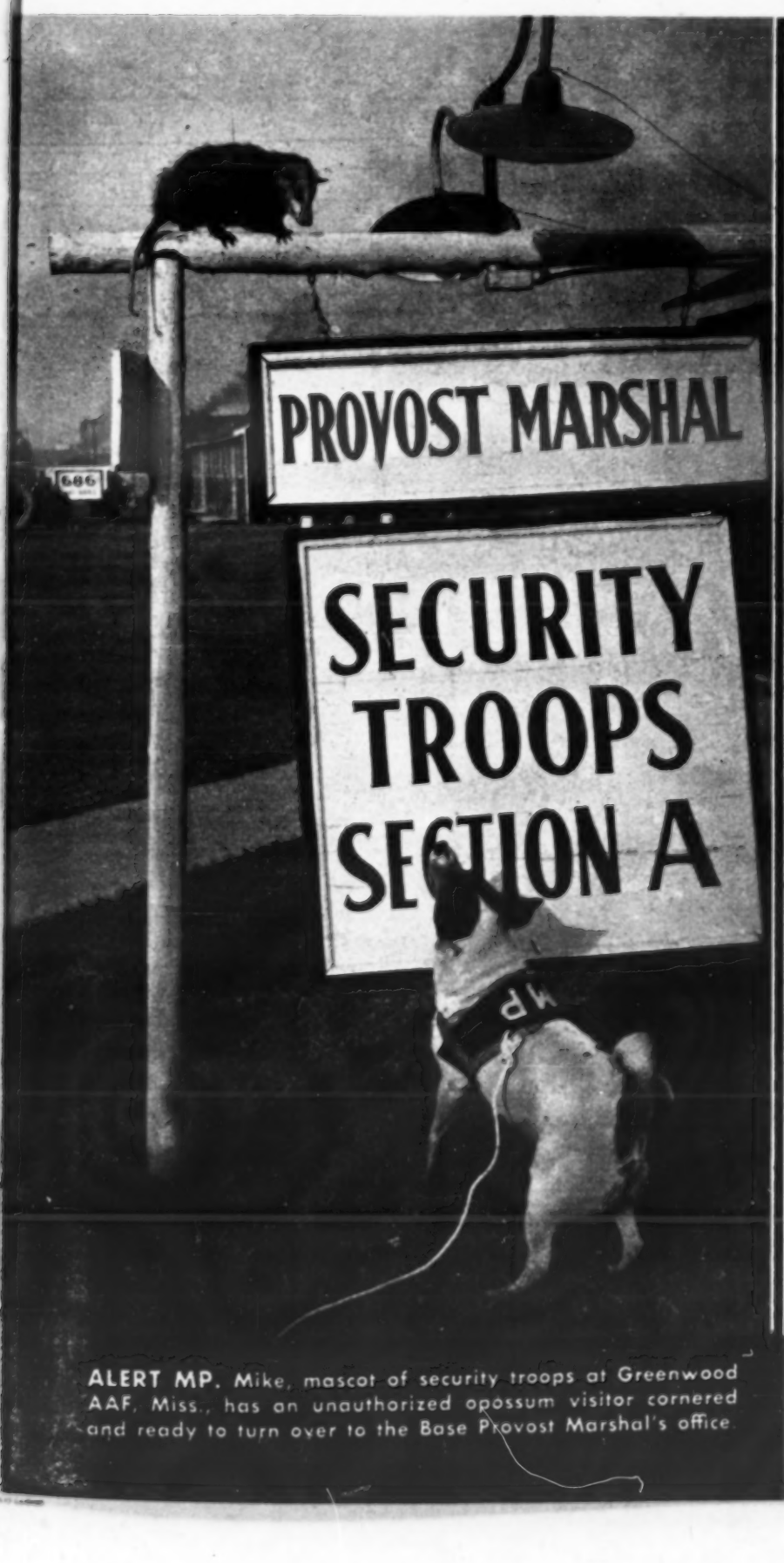
Camp Blanding, Fla.—When Sgt. Robert Reitz was discharged from the National Guard in September 1940, his papers were signed by Lt. William F. Runge. Sgt. Reitz is now back in the Army at Camp Blanding and his boss is Maj. William F. Runge.

SLEEVELESS TROUSERS

Fort Monmouth, N. J.—A little GI wasn't satisfied with the size of his trousers. He kept pestering the supply sergeant to change them for him but failed to get any action. One afternoon he walked into the supply room and pleaded timidly: "Sarge, can't I get a better-fitting pair of trousers?"

Without looking up the sergeant growled: "I don't see anything wrong with those pants."

Desperate, the GI replied: "Maybe you can't see it, but they're chafing me under the arms."

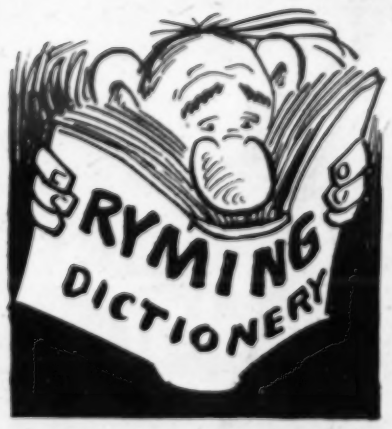


ALERT MP. Mike, mascot of security troops at Greenwood AAF, Miss., has an unauthorized opossum visitor cornered and ready to turn over to the Base Provost Marshal's office.

WIN $500 $100 $50 $25 $10

YANK's GI PARODY CONTEST Offers

War Bond Prizes to 91 Lucky GIs!



HERE'S how you can win a War Bond. Write a GI parody to a popular tune. Just tie your own words, written on a subject of Army life—anything from KP to Commando tactics—to any well-known tune.

Let the words come any way they want to. This is not a contest for professional songwriters; it's for any guy that wants to put a string of words together for a War Bond prize. Maybe you have a favorite song—put some new words to it. Maybe you have a song that drives you nuts—do the same by it. All that is required is that you follow the simple rules outlined below.

Prizes will be awarded as follows: Prize-winning parody—one $500 War Bond; five next-best parodies—one $100 War Bond each; next 10—one $50 War Bond each; next 25—one $25 War Bond each; next 50—one $10 War Bond each.

This Is a Parody on "MARGIE"

Laundry,
When am I gonna get my laundry?
I'll tell the world I need it—
They left me a-freezin' behind,
My long flannels
Must be comin' back through channels.
Laundry,
My socks are begging,
"Take me off those feet, please do."
So, if Stinky is my name,
Then there's only one to blame,
Oh, GI Laundry, it's you.

●

These Are the Rules

1. Parodies must be mailed by Mar. 1, 1945.
2. Entries must be original parodies, suitable for reprinting, written by enlisted men or women of the U. S. Army, Navy, Coast Guard or Marine Corps. Do not send music; *send only parody and name of song parodied.*
3. Parodies must be based on complete choruses of well-known tunes only.
4. Individuals may send as many entries as they like. In case of duplicate parodies, only the first arrival will be accepted.
5. Parodies must have a service or war subject. All parodies will become the property of the U. S. Army. Entries will not be returned.
6. Judges will be enlisted personnel of YANK, The Army Weekly, and of Music Section, Special Service Division. Judges' decisions will be final.
7. Address all entries to Parody Contest Editor, YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y., U. S. A.
8. Winners will be announced in a May 1945 issue of YANK.
9. Include U. S. address to which you wish prize sent. BONDS WILL BE MADE OUT ONLY TO ADDRESSES WITHIN THE U. S. IF YOU'RE OVERSEAS BE SURE YOU INCLUDE HOME ADDRESS AND NAME OF PERSON IN CARE OF WHOM YOU WANT YOUR BOND SENT.
10. Violation of any of the above rules will eliminate entry.

Rita Daigle
YANK
Pin-up Girl

the Poets Cornered

ON MISSING A NORTHERN CHRISTMAS

My thoughts are jewels, for they are of the past—
The untried years, the time of youth's content
When life was laden with astonishment
And each year brought more wonders than the last.
And then the fall of idols: legends gone
Upon the breath of time; the myth unveiled
And Santa Claus, the patron saint, assailed
As parent fraud upon a holy dawn.

Yet they are treasures still: the holly wreath,
With berries red as vermeil, archway hung;
The tinseled tree with precious gifts beneath;
Clear frosted air; and midnight carols sung
By muffled choirs. These I shall recall
If hope should fail me at the old year's fall.

AAFTAC, Orlando, Fla. —Sgt. KEITH B. CAMPBELL

MEMO FOR AVENGERS

British amphibious forces landing on the Greek mainland at Peloponnesus find the populace waiting on the shore to greet them.

Remember this sight, you strong.
Remember the children on the shore
Who reach to you as to the sun
In ghastly dawns. Look hard, look well
Upon their faces. See through the rags
To where the worms of every wasting curse
Have feasted long. Remember how
They run to you who are no gods at all
To kiss your feet and weep for joy.

Remember this when down your sights
Or in your courts the foeman makes his plea.
Remember, lest some future year
Another race will rise and "set men free"
The way the "liberators" blessed these Greeks.
Remember now against the day
When peace returns and all men say,
"The world is safe," and even then
Remember the one word, "Remember!"

SCSU, Lake Placid, N. Y. —Sgt. HAROLD APPLEBAUM

TIME

Time on a tropical island
  Far from combat and strife,
Lush, equatorial stillness,
  Unstirred by Army life.

Simmering heat of the tropics
  Tempers, tests and anoints.
Monotony measured by patience
  Pays off in discharge points.

Trinidad —S/Sgt. IRVING CARESS

GI GLAMOUR GIRL

She walked in beauty, if she walked at all,
And others gladly followed where she led;
She need not toil nor spin, nor even call—
Some man was there to do the job, instead.

She joined the Army, as a young girl will,
With thought of tailored uniform, her hair
A gleaming contrast to OD, the thrill
Of battle—they might send her anywhere!

The facts of life to her have now grown clear,
To sundry matters she must give attention—
For trash and garbage don't just disappear.
(The fate of flowing hair, we need not mention.)

She knows about KP, fatigue detail,
Exquisitely her fingers wring the mop,
Nowhere is there a kind, obliging male
To take it in his hands and bid her stop.

What wonder that her graceful figure droops?
This is the Army, babe! Let's end the scene
When lovely lady not to folly stoops,
But bends a knee to clean up the latrine.

Washington, D. C. —Sgt. MARGARET JANE TAGGS

THE WAVE

At the beach a lonely wave broke;
It murmured, roared, then grew into a sigh
And broke upon my feet.
I watched it spend itself and then recede
Into another silence.

Somewhere within that wave I found a thought
And saw an image of another world;
I felt the silence, overhead the song
Of yet another wave that spoke and broke
And now is silent.

"Where did you start?" I asked;
Whispering still,
It touched my thigh and held me fast
In slithery embrace.

"Where will you go?"
And silence spoke the beach,
Silence the water,
Silence in my heart.

And now the wave has gone to break again;
Someone has touched it, someone lent it life;
Now wandering alone,
Immersed in seas,
Will find another stone, another thigh,
Yet, touching, will remain,
And, touching, live.

New Guinea —T/5 HARRY ECKSTEIN

THE SONGS OF ORPHEUS

III—The Dropping of the Flares

This is France.
This is the war.
This is the three thousand miles away
From the long, bright and tree-protected streets
Flowing like laughing rivers
All over the city,
From the shadows moving in the mist
Over the shining, bellied bridge,
From the swan song of the ships
Pulling out of the harbor,
From the faraway voices of the children across the street
Playing their games all day,
From the choirs chanting on the front porch
Of every good-looking girl in the neighborhood,
From all the sentimental songs they sang to each other,
Tone poems in the twilight:
"... *the stardust of a dream* ..."
"... *day and night, night and day* ..."
From never saying good-bye
And always knowing that the sun
Would surely shine in the morning.

Down at the airstrip,
Far in the green woods,
I watched the Havocs
Return one evening
From another run over the East.
Flak-heavy, they limped out of the grimy sky,
Dropping flares into the emerald branches of the trees,
And rolled, each one with a groan,
Against the soft earth.

The flares fell slowly,
Dazzling the broken, stormy heavens,
Making the thunder shine,
Lifting a sudden curtain
On a gaudy drama of wind and cloud—
O, a weird enchantment of night and day,
Wherein the huge, smashed planes
Became striped fishes sinking
In a deep pool
And the little candles burning the sky
Chattered like a Greek chorus:
"Lo, lo, lo!
We have dead men on board."

And so there were
Five twisted bodies, cold and hard,
Five blank faces looking up at the cigarette lighters;
Ten stony eyes, unblinking under the torches.
Ten locked fists
(One holding a candy bar).

A quintet of stiff Americans
Lying side by side
On the lap of Mars.

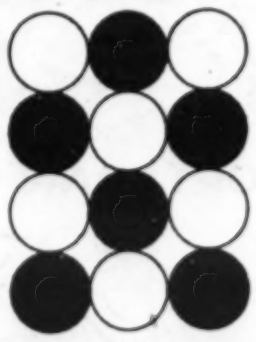
And somewhere over here
At this very moment
There is a flare in the sky.

"Lo, we have dead men on board."

France —Cpl. JOHN N. BEHM

COIN PROBLEM

Lay out six pennies and six dimes as shown. (The dark circles represent pennies.)



The problem is to get all the pennies into the second and fourth horizontal rows and all the dimes into the first and third rows. The catch is that you must do this by touching only one coin. Well, it can be done.

LAST summer Rita Daigle competed with some 3,000 girls in a contest to find the prettiest sweetheart of a serviceman. (Her guy is with the Air Forces in England.) When all the looking and all the voting was over, Rita was it. No doubt you've noticed why. Since then, the 19-year-old Lowell (Mass.) girl has become a Walter Thornton model.

Place three glasses on the table as shown, the middle one being upside down.

Now, can you — in three moves — cause all three glasses to be upside down, turning over two *adjacent* glasses at a time in each move?

After you've mastered the three moves so you can do them rapidly, you'll probably be safe in betting a guy a small beer that he won't be able to do this on the first try even after you've shown him how.

PUZZLE SOLUTIONS

BEER BET. First, turn over glasses 2 and 3. Second, turn over glasses 1 and 3. For the third move you simply turn over glasses 2 and 3.

COIN PROBLEM. Put your finger on that penny in the top row, swing it out and around to the bottom of the middle vertical row.

Now begin pushing upward carefully under that middle row. If you'll take it slow and easy, you can get all of the coins in the middle row to move up one space.

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Where Is My Agonizer?

LIFE is rather dull in some convalescent wards, but not in ours. Our ray of sunshine happens to be Joe, who is a Mexican Indian. Joe manages to keep our morale high with his constant abuse of the English language. He could make a good living on the radio (if Army Regulations would permit such an undertaking) because he is funnier by accident than Durante is on purpose. Conversation with Joe is a bit difficult but always worth the effort.

I was reading a book one day when Joe interrupted.

"Have you seen my agonizer?" he asked.

"Agonizer, old boy?"

Joe became impatient. "Agonizer, for spraying my throat. I painted my entrails on it."

"Your atomizer is in the hands of the orderly being refilled," I replied haughtily. "As to whether it has your initials on it, I wouldn't know."

"When you talk like that," Joe said, "you irrigate me."

"I'm sorry, Joe," I said. "It must be the heat."

"Yeah," he agreed, "it's hot. The presbyterian has been running down my back all morning."

"Why don't you recline on the back porch?" I suggested. "It's cool out there."

"I've been declining all morning out there and it's warmer out there as it is in here," Joe said. "I'll be glad to get home. I'm getting married."

"Really?" I asked.

"Yeah," he said. "I was supposed to get married before I was abducted into the Army. My girl's had her torso ready for two years."

"I know what you mean," I said.

"Yeah, we better get married soon or all her clothes will have magnets in them."

"Magnets?" I queried.

"You know," Joe explained, "little white worms."

"Ahhh," I said. "Maggots!"

"That's what I said, wasn't it?" asked Joe.

"That's what I said you said, Joe," I agreed. "Anyway, I hope you're very happy. If not, you can always marry again."

"Once will be enough," said Joe. "No bigotry for me."

"Does she have a sister, Joe?" I asked.

"Yeah," he replied, "but you wouldn't like her. She's a sinister."

"A what?"

"A sinister," Joe explained. "An old maid. You wouldn't like her. She's a good girl. All you like is a proselyte."

"Where did you get that one?" I asked. "What do you mean?"

"Look," explained Joe, giving me a look reserved for morons and little children, "a proselyte is a streetwalker."

"Joe," I said, seeking an escape, "you have offended me and I beg to be excused from further conversation. After all, I have a little common sense. I have a good head on my shoulders."

"Don't get mad," Joe said. "I took that for granite."

I'm still puzzled over that last crack.

Jackson AAB, Miss. —S/Sgt. WILLIAM J. O'BRIEN

POST-WAR PLANNING

I'll have an apartment, all shiny and new,
With carpets and curtains in old rose and blue,
A kitchen and nook where I'll breakfast and sup—
But how will I ever know when to get up?

I'll get me a wardrobe, the latest in style,
With frothy and sheer lingerie by the pile,
A hat for each outfit and flowers for my hair—
But who will decide what I'm going to wear?

I'll purchase a bed that's as broad as it's long,
With satiny spread and an innerspring strong,
Where beautiful sleep can be gained in a minute—
But who will come check to make sure that I'm in it?

All things I'll arrange so they're just to my taste,
Exist without worry, confusion or haste,
A partner, perhaps, of my own choice beside me—
But how can I live with no ARs to guide me?

Washington, D. C. —Sgt. MARGARET JANE TAGGS

GI Fable

ONCE there was a bright young lieutenant on a month's detached service in the Pentagon Building, Washington. He blazed through his special job, which consisted of putting into operation a project then on the tentative list.

In this case, "putting into operation" meant devising a questionnaire letter and sending it to the officers involved in numerous posts, camps and stations all over the country. Of course, one of these questionnaires went out to the lieutenant's home post.

The month passed, and the morning after his return to his home post the lieutenant began to attack his overloaded "in" file. Wading through a mass of memoranda, circulars and letters, he suddenly found staring him in the face a bloated multi-paged questionnaire that was exceedingly familiar to him—the one he had devised and sent from Washington.

He repented his Washington energy. Upon examining them he found, now that he was on the answering instead of the asking end, that a good half of the questions that in Washington had seemed so vital to the war effort were, after all, only time-consuming nuisances.

Breathing deeply, at grips with his own Frankenstein monster, he dutifully gathered and compiled the information requested and answered his own questions. Then he put his Washington questionnaire and his home-post reply into the colonel's "in" file for routine approval before sending it off.

The next day the report was back on his desk. The colonel had penciled a note to the lieutenant: "Wrong interpretation of Washington's letter. You miss the point."

Fort Monmouth, N. J. —Sgt. BARRIE STAVIS

TELL ME NOT

Don't tell me what a swell girl you've got,
Don't tell me how lovely she is,
Don't tell me her charms as she lies in your arms
Nor the thrill that she packs in her kiss.
Don't tell me how lovely she is, from her feet
To the crown of her sleek golden head,
Don't speak of the passion that lurks in her eyes
Nor the sweetness of lips ruby red.
Don't tell me how gladly responsive she is
To your every touch and caress.
Don't spoil it all brother, for crying out loud:
Just give me her name and address.

Santa Ana AAB, Calif. —Pvt. R. WILLIAMS

"Uncle Sam finally got my boy, too."
—Cpl. Alonzo Carter, Camp Claiborne, La.

GI WEEK-ENDERS —Pfc. Bernard Lansky, Fort Bragg, N. C.

Cpl. Billy Conn

YANK SPORTS

Billy the Kid in Italy

By Cpl. LEN ZINBERG
YANK Field Correspondent

A FIFTEENTH AIR FORCE BASE—This little Italian town boasts of one theater, and probably a good many two-bit opera companies have sung there. Now the theater was filled with GIs from the surrounding B-24 fields, cheering as Cpl. Billy Conn boxed in a makeshift ring with Cpl. Hal Raskin, a stocky, 24-year-old heavyweight from Chicago. Raskin wasn't pulling his punches and toward the end of the last round he caught Conn. For a moment the grin left Billy's face and the bout stopped being an "exhibition." They slugged it out. Then both fighters relaxed and went back to good-natured boxing.

After the fight Raskin changed into ODs in a two-by-four dressing room. Last year he was the Eighth Air Force heavyweight champion, but he didn't box this year because he was hurt in a jeep accident. He's been in for 2½ years, and put in 25 months of that overseas, mostly in England. Raskin came over as a fighter-plane mechanic but was sent to Special Services when they found out he had attended a physical-education college and was once a Golden Gloves champion.

As Raskin rubbed himself down with a rough towel, he said: "Some guys think this traveling around is a racket. Sure, maybe we do escape some of the chicken, but traveling all day by truck, fighting almost every night, eating and sleeping where you can—it's no soft touch. They don't give out Purple Hearts for these." He grinned and pointed to a black eye he was sporting. One of his ears was developing a small cauliflower.

He weighs about 180 pounds.

"Back in England they call me a cruiser weight," he said. "I boxed this Freddie Mills in London. Conn is over 190. He's putting on weight, I mean real fighting weight. It will help him against Louis."

Did he and Conn knock hell out of each other every night? Raskin shrugged his shoulders. "Well, I only box him every other night, although we used to go at it six nights a week when we toured England. It's like this: We want to put on as good a show as the Louis troupe did, and the GIs don't come to see Conn be a fancy dan. Billy takes it easy, although sometimes if he is sore, he's kind of mean in the ring. But he tells us to try our best, not to pull our punches. Conn's one of the world's great fighters. Boxing with him is like an education."

Raskin intends to turn pro after the war, as do most of the other GIs in the troupe. Conn thinks one of them, Pfc. Tut Taber from Oakland, Calif., is a sure bet to be middleweight champion. Everybody in the troupe takes it for granted that Billy will be heavyweight champion after the war. They keep reminding you that Louis is past 30 while Conn has just turned 27. Conn himself is confident he can beat Louis, but he doesn't underestimate the Brown Bomber.

Right now the troupe is sweating out a possible bond tour of the States. Somehow Raskin has missed rotation, even though he has 25 months of overseas duty. "You know how rotation works," he said. "It's like winning the sweepstakes. I'd like to go back if the troupe goes back. Otherwise I figure I might as well hang around till it's over."

Conn came in wearing a field jacket, suntan shirt and muddy OD pants. On the way from the theater to the barracks where the boxers were bunking for the night, Conn passed several GIs without being recognized. "Billy looks like such a kid," said Raskin, "that nobody thinks he's a fighter. Swell guy. Never saw him turn down a request for an autograph. Strictly an all right joe."

It was a cool clear night. Moonlight lit up the deserted streets, revealing the deadness and smallness of the town. Conn was walking ahead with a couple of welterweights. "Clear night like this is bad for London," Raskin said. "I've been through a lot of air raids there, including buzz bombs. Billy was in London when the robots hit."

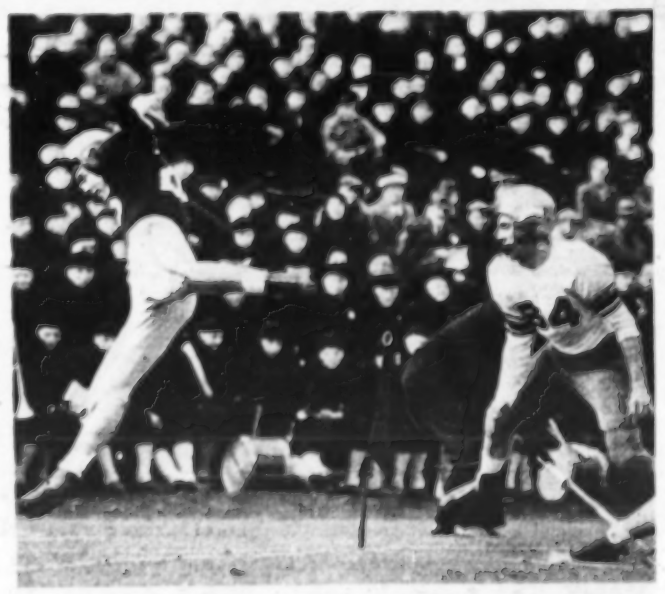
Conn suddenly seemed out of place in the quiet muddy Italian town. There was a certain cockiness to his walk. You could picture him walking down Broadway with that same cocky walk, handsome Billy Conn, who could make a million in the ring with Louis. Only now he was walking down the dirty street of a tiny Eyetie town. You realized how far away Broadway really was.

Billy hasn't too much time to get back there, either.

Sports Service Record

AFTER he turned out the nation's best end in **Barney Poole**, you'd think that West Point would at least promote its end coach, **Pvt. Stu Holcomb**, to a corporal. . . . **Arthur Donovan**, boxing's best known referee, is now touring Alaska for Special Services. . . . One of the last men to leave the sinking escort-carrier *Gambier Bay* off Leyte was **Comdr. Buzz Borries**, the famed Naval Academy halfback. The carrier had taken 20 direct hits before Borries and his skipper finally clambered down the ship's side. Then for 42 hours they tossed around on a life raft with a Jap battleship only three miles away. . . . **Pvt. Mike Dejan**, late of the Cincinnati Reds, is pushing through Germany with a cavalry troop. . . . Six members of the Army football team are former GIs: fullback **Felix Blanchard**, AAF; tackle **DeWitt Coulter**, AAF; halfback **Elmer Raba**, TDs; guard **Arthur Gerometta**, Inf.; center **James Enos**, CA; tackle **William Webb**, AAF. . . . It was bound to happen. Paratrooper **Archie Ballantyne**, former Kearny Celtics soccer star, landed on a soccer field during the invasion of France. . . . **Lt. Lou Yank** (no relation), guard on the Randolph Field Ramblers, wears the Air Medal with four clusters and the DFC for 30 missions over Germany as a bombardier. He made first daylight raid on Berlin.

Missing in action: **Ens. Howard Callanan**, Southern Cal halfback last year, off Leyte when the destroyer *Hoel* was sunk; **Lt. Clint Castleberry**, Georgia Tech's sensational 1942 freshman halfback, in the Mediterranean Theater when the B-26 he piloted failed to return to its base. . . . *Promoted:* **Col. Bob Neyland**, Tennessee football coach, to brigadier general in the Burma-India Theater, where he commands the port of Calcutta; **Lt. (jg) Fred Sington**, giant ex-Alabama tackle, to full lieutenant at the Norman (Okla.) NAS, where he coaches the powerful football Zoomers; **Lt. Ducky Pond**, former Yale coach, to lieutenant commander at Georgia Pre-Flight School, where he coaches the Skycracker team. . . . *Commissioned:* **O/C Willis Ward**, Michigan's great Negro end, as a second lieutenant in the QMC. . . . *Discharged:* **Al Benton**, ace Detroit relief pitcher in '42, from the Navy with a CDD. . . . *Inducted:* **Vernon Curtis**, Washington's recently purchased $27,500 pitching ace from Atlanta, into the Army; **Thurman Tucker**, slugging White Sox outfielder, into the Navy; **Harold Epps**, rookie Athletics' outfielder, into the Army.

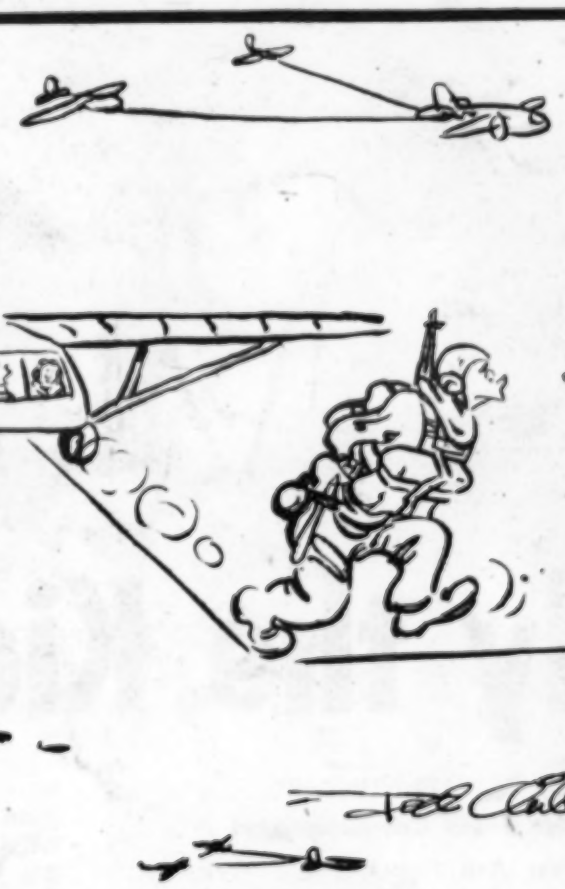


JUMPING BLUEJACK. Ed Saenz, Great Lakes NTC halfback, does some high stepping as he goes over for the first Bluejacket touchdown against Marquette. Great Lakes crushed Marquette, 32-0.

YANK
THE ARMY WEEKLY

"HE'S SENDING IT THROUGH CHANNELS."
—Sgt. Irwin Caplan

"LT. MARKS AND I HAVE EXAMINED THE CONTENTS OF YOUR BOTTLE AND FIND YOU WERE CORRECT. IT *IS* FACE LOTION."
—Cpl. Frank R. Robinson



"BENNIE SURE IS RESTLESS THIS TRIP!"
—M/Sgt. Ted Miller

"CAN'T YOU GUYS CARRY ON AN INTELLIGENT CONVERSATION WITHOUT DISCUSSING THE WAR?"
—Cpl. Art Gates

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